The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1913.

The Week

In spite of President Wilson's reaffirmation of his "warm advocacy and support both of the principle and of the bona-fide practice of civil-service reform," in the memorandum accompanying his signature of the Urgent Deficiency bill, friends of the merit system the country over will feel both regret and alarm at his action in the matter. The bill repeals, by the vicious process of a "rider," all the provisions of the Act of 1883 and of all subsequent civil-service-reform acts, so far as they may relate to the appointment or removal of deputy collectors of internal revenue and deputy marshals who are required to give bond for the faithful performance of their duty. That the President has power nevertheless, of his own motion, to place all or any part of these offices under the protection of the merit system rules is true enough; but the continuance of the system ought not to be dependent upon the good-will of the President for the time being. "There is no danger," says Mr. Wilson, "that the spoils principle will creep in with my approval or connivance"; but a merely personal guarantee is far from adequate compensation for a backward step taken in the law itself. And over and above the immediate mischief there is the evil of the precedent.

The schoolmaster in the White House knows how to deal with students who flunk—that is plain. His first veto, published on Thursday of last week, dealt with the case of a West Pointer who, having failed in his studies, cheerfully obtained an act of Congress to overrule the judgment of his teachers. But he forgot that he had to reckon with an ex-president of Princeton, and that gentleman has stood by the teachers. Finding there was good ground for believing that the Academic Board knew what it was about, Mr. Wilson decided against the student; in addition, he saw clearly that to grant this plea for another chance would be subversive of discipline at West Point, already weakened by Congressional interference. It is an excellent beginning of Mr. Wilson's vetoes—sound and clearly reasoned. Now, let us hope it will be followed by plenty of others—pension vetoes in particular, and vetoes of every raid on the civil service which may come hereafter—however cleverly concealed in appropriation bills.

To Secretary Daniels credit must be given for an eloquent bit of lip-service in the cause of the limitation of armaments. The moral argument against the insane competition in battleship-building is admirably put by our Secretary of the Navy when he declares that "the hysteria of naval preparations is proving too great a burden for the people." And the argument from common-sense is well formulated when he states:

> The world to-day is facing the anomaly of making its navy less adequate by increasing it. For when new vessels are built with their more powerful armament they render useless the smaller warships, except for coast defence.

Unfortunately, the same report that quotes Mr. Daniels as above goes on to say that Mr. Daniels is understood to favor a three-battleship programme, and has so told the President. Thereby, the Secretary of the Navy strikes the classic attitude of foreign statesmen whose pious wishes for the limitation of armaments are driven home by the fervent hope that the other fellow will be the one to show the way.

The respectful reception accorded by the Senate Finance Committee to Mr. Vanderlip's plan of a single central bank, under Government control, insures discussion which will in any case be useful; because all possible alternatives for which there is any valid argument ought to be fully debated in framing a measure of so great importance. For the present, we shall only say that, while the plan for a single central bank has certain undeniable advantages over any other, two grave difficulties have been encountered in all previous discussions of it. If, as the Aldrich plan provided, the bank was to be managed by appointees of the subscribing banks, a formidable centralization of power in the hands of the banking interests would be foreshadowed. If, on the other hand, it was to be controlled and managed by Presidential appointees, an equally formidable concentration of political power and patronage would be indicated. Mr. Vanderlip adopts the second expedient. His plan would have the central board consist exclusively of directors named by the President of the United States, while the bank's twelve branches would be managed by committees named by that central board.

Mr. Vanderlip's proposal is oddly out of line with the action of the American Bankers' Association, whose resolutions based their main objection on the fact that the individual banks "have no voice whatever in the selection of the Federal Reserve Board," although they would have to subscribe to stock of the regional banks. The principal speech on the resolutions declared that "management, ownership, control, and profit-sharing are the characteristics of the government monarchies of Europe, but they are not in accord with our institutions." Mr. Vanderlip suggests as one alternative complete ownership of the new bank's stock by the Government; or, if public subscription were to be preferred, he advocates that "all national banks be liable for the purchase of their pro rata proportion of any stock not taken by the public." Yet this is for an institution whose central board and whose branch directorates are alike to be managed exclusively by political appointees, as against the selection by the banks, under the present plan, of a majority in the managing boards of the regional banks! These are considerations which not only the Senate committee, but the banks, will have to take into view. We think it altogether fortunate, however, that the proposition should have been brought forward in such shape as to evoke intelligent discussion.

That the Census Bureau is more than a statistics-gathering machine is shown by the statement of the Chief Statistician to the effect that a man is not past his prime at forty. This is the sort of dictum that is worth while. It is all very well for the Bureau to issue its heavy volumes now and then, filled with figures, comparisons, and deductions regarding the number of foreign-born

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white paupers enumerated in almshouses, the per cent. of their distribution by country of birth, by States, and by geographical divisions, or the still more exciting subject of the number of training schools for nurses, commercial schools, manual and industrial training schools, their respective enrolments by States and by geographical divisions; but there must be more persons interested in what the authorities have to say concerning the commercial and industrial value of the man of forty than the foreign-born white paupers enumerated in almshouses and the students in nurses' training schools, commercial schools, and manual and industrial training schools combined.

The forces of nature which work for consistency have seen to it that Col. Roosevelt should not spend many hours on South American soil without an opportunity to call some one a liar. This time it is the Brazilian correspondent of a Buenos Ayres newspaper, who reported the Colonel's speech at Bahia as containing a slur on the Argentine Republic by attributing to Brazil the leadership in South America. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, said nothing of the kind. Speaking of the leading nations in the Western Hemisphere, he coupled Brazil with the United States, just as, if he were speaking in Buenos Ayres, he would associate Argentina with the United States. It will not take long to clear up the misunderstanding, and the Argentinians will rise to him with all the more enthusiasm. Or if a few disgruntled voices are raised, it will only make the Colonel feel bullier than ever. At any rate, a start has been made towards the organization of a Latin-American chapter of the Ananias Club, and the people of the United States have been by so much brought closer to their southern neighbors.

The Becker trial evoked comment upon the new spirit that seemed to be animating juries in New York, and a similar thing is noted elsewhere. The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* remarks that in that State juries are laying aside their old sentimentality and tendency to leniency. There is a stiffening of the juror's backbone. Along with this development has come a new view of technicalities. "In our own State," says the Montgomery, Ala., *Journal*, "we have seen murder cases carried over from year to year." At first the convicted man is sentenced to the gallows, "but gradually, as the cases are reversed time and again, the people become discouraged, and after many years have elapsed and some of the witnesses are dead or moved away, the defendants are released." This condition is now to be changed. The Supreme Court of Alabama has declared against minor technicalities, and no more cases are to be reversed unless the error is such as to affect the verdict materially.

Concern is felt by observers in the South over the increase in the number of tenant farmers as compared with those who own their land. In North Carolina, thirty years ago, 33 farmers in every 100 were tenants; the number is now 42. In South Carolina, the increase has been from 50 in 1880 to 63 in 1910. In Georgia, the number has risen from 44 to 65; in Alabama, from 46 to 60; in Mississippi, from 43 to 66; in Tennessee, from 34 to 41; in Arkansas, from 30 to 50; in Louisiana, from 35 to 55; and in Texas, from 37 to 52. Since leases are on the one-year plan, it is to the tenant's interest to "skin" the land. No method is provided by which a good tenant may receive any reward for the improvement he makes in soil fertility or in the appearance and value of the farm. Students of the matter are convinced that it is only a question of time when the South must adopt the British plan of long leases, with credit to the tenant for improvements, and with penalty for any permanent injury which he does the land he hires.

If only a tithe of the charges against the city government of East St. Louis in 1911-12 are true, the case will make a new chapter in the shame of our cities. From Mayor to 14 out of 16 Aldermen, the 28 indictments blanket a whole Administration. The charge is not of stealthy conspiracy, of crafty pilfering by an inside ring, but of free-for-all grabbing. In all departments—Controller, Health Commissioner, Chief of Detectives, Superintendent of Streets, and Deputy Building Commissioner—startling irregularities are alleged. One man has made sworn confession of accepting $1,250 for his vote on franchise grabs; the Treasurer is charged with plain embezzlement; other officials with peculation in contracts; and the Aldermen with voting themselves illegal salaries. Defence seems pitifully lacking. Inasmuch as East St. Louis has no such unsavory machine organization as other cities point to as their undoing, her citizenship and whole civil spirit would seem to be facing trial along with her public servants.

A Chicagoan has discovered that only one large city in this country is well named. That city is, of course, Chicago. Some of her rivals, such as Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and New Orleans, have mere second-hand appellations, taken from more or less obscure places in the Old World. Others, like Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Washington, are named "on a basis that is biographical." St. Louis and St. Paul "have the odor of hagiology." San Francisco and Los Angeles are open to somewhat the same objection. Kansas City and Jersey City suffer from tautology. Minneapolis and Indianapolis would do if they were not hybrids. Towards the smaller cities, the Chicago critic is more gracious. While he is a bit uncertain about Tacoma, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Buffalo, he hails Oshkosh and Kankakee with almost suspicious fervor. It may be admitted, however, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* contends, that we have too many Cantons, Newports, Toledos, and Ninevehs, to say nothing of Portlands, Springfields, and Germantowns. The tendency to adopt a great name was rather ludicrously illustrated a few years ago in the suggestion that an Illinois village should be renamed London.

Far outside the circles of scholarship, the announcement of the death of Reuben Gold Thwaites will bring a feeling of distinct loss to the whole Middle West. More than to any man since Parkman, credit is due to him for the upbuilding of the romantic and colorful history of the Old Northwest. The interest of the States of the region in the French and British régimes virtually dates from his installation as superintendent of the Wisconsin Historical Society in 1886, and as editor of the Wisconsin Historical Collections in 1888. His many publications, his zeal as a collector, and his influence upon

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historical scholarship at the University of Wisconsin have been a leavening force long and widely acknowledged. His chief fame, of course, rests upon his resurrection of the Jesuit Relations—a resurrection as striking as the more recent discovery, in southern Illinois, of the Kaskaskia Records. But better testimony to his powers and industry lies in the many State, university, and city collections of Western history built up after his thought, and the many lecture-rooms and studies in which research is carried on after his own spirit.

Not conference, but compromise, was the substance of Mr. Asquith's announcement of policy with regard to Home Rule and Ulster. The late conference fiasco on the Constitutional question, which served only to delay the enactment of the Parliament bill and to intensify party spirit, is still a fresh memory. If the Protestant sections of Ulster insist on being omitted from the scheme for Home Rule, Mr. Asquith intimated that a way for that might be provided under the bill itself. The mode of procedure would probably be by a clause in the bill making Home Rule non-effective in those counties where a popular referendum so decided. Virtually this was the scheme adopted in the organization of the Australian Commonwealth, and in the establishment of our own Federal Government. The north-eastern counties of Ulster might flock by themselves for a while; but Mr. Asquith counts upon the centripetal forces of nationality and common economic interest to bring the recusant Protestant minority within the fold. Upon the point that an Irish Parliament in Dublin there must be, the Premier was explicit. And he was equally clear-spoken as to the determination of the Government to put the bill into force over all Ireland if, before its enactment, the men of Ulster fail to take advantage of the escape offered them.

The honor of having been the scene of the whole life-work of Sir William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, is one that any city might envy Glasgow. That city has shown its pride by the erection of a statue to the great physicist. At the unveiling ceremonies the other day, Mr. Balfour was the orator; a sufficient guaranty that the address would be worthy of the occasion. He pointed out that Kelvin was, so far as he knew, a unique example of the combination in the same mind of the highest powers in the field of abstract scientific speculation with those practical instincts which enable the inventor to make use of the results of that speculation. But, so far from drawing from Lord Kelvin's life the moral, which a less sensitive intellect might have been tempted to draw, that everybody should be encouraged to think of the practical applications of science as the end and aim of scientific research, Mr. Balfour extracted from it quite the opposite lesson. The business of the man of science, he said, is only remotely and indirectly connected with daily work or practice, and the man who pursues knowledge must pursue it for itself—that he would pursue it with far poorer effect if he was always thinking of what its practical and pecuniary results would be. In point of fact, nothing was plainer in Kelvin's own case than that his intense interest in physical and mathematical problems, the almost childlike freshness of his enthusiasm about them, was wholly independent of his extraordinary practical and pecuniary success.

The attention of lawmakers, playwrights, and even journalists might well be asked to a recent statement of Mr. Karl Pearson, head of the Galton Laboratory of the University of London. Pointing out that the ideal of the founder of eugenics was racial betterment by the scientific study of heredity and environment, and then by a popular movement emphasizing the national importance of these factors and urging their consideration by legislators and social reformers, he went on to say that before his death Sir Francis Galton was depressed by the failure to perceive that much scientific progress must be made before men started rashly to apply conclusions. "Years of patient work," says Mr. Pearson, "in medico-social observation and genetic experiment are needed before the laws of eugenics can be dogmatically stated." How much loose thinking there is in America upon eugenics is evident to any one who picks up one of the recent magazines giving an account of the "eugenic" baby exhibition in Denver, attends a "eugenic" play, reads of the "eugenic" marriage laws of Pennsylvania and the West. The harm of such loose thinking was lately remarked upon by a scientist who noted a press statement that, "eugenically," a man weak in certain physical or mental qualities should find a mate strong in those directions. Even in the eugenic millennium men will have to use their minds.

The Kaiser's artistic views have always been at variance with prevalent tastes in the German art world. He has never hesitated to formulate his critical opinions, and his loyal subjects have responded in kind when the occasion offered. They are doing so now. William II has brushed aside the awards made in an open competition for designs for a German Embassy building at Washington, and has ordered his own court architect to draw up plans. Presumably, the Kaiser has felt that the theories of the advanced schools of architecture are not representative of the German nation as a whole. Whatever may be the case with his Ambassadors, he will not have his embassies go abroad to lie for their country. The incident will in all probability fail to shake the Hohenzollern throne, but for some time to come the artists on *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend* will have a delightful time designing imaginary embassy buildings in accordance with the Kaiser's ideas.

Probably the majority of middle-aged persons in this country, if asked about the population of the Russian Empire, would say it is somewhat more than a hundred million. That is the figure it reached about thirty-five years ago, and it was less than eighty million at the time that persons sixty years old or thereabout were learning their geography lessons at school. It is somewhat startling, therefore, to come upon the statement that the estimated population of the Empire on January 1, 1912, was 171,000,000. In 1897 the population was 129,000,000; in 1859 it was 74,000,000. The growth, therefore, in little more than half a century, has been nearly 100,000,000, or more than the entire present population of the United States. And this vast increase has been only in comparatively small degree due to absorption of new territory. Russia in Europe, taken by itself, is credited with a population of more than 140,000,000, so that less than 30,000,000 is to be set down to the whole Asiatic area.

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THE PRESIDENT'S IDEAL.

President Wilson's speech at Swarthmore on Saturday appears to have been misunderstood. It certainly has been abroad, if we may judge by the comments on it cabled from London. It has been in some quarters at home. The trouble comes from not carefully reading Mr. Wilson's exact words. The hasty assumption has been made that he was laying down an actual programme for Mexico. But all that he did lay down was a guiding principle. Because he spoke of a "conquest," it has been rashly concluded that he had in mind a conquest by force of arms; whereas his very application of the word to William Penn should have been sufficient to show that he had in mind only the peaceful subjugation of the great continent put by Providence at the disposal of Americans. It was their original purpose which he lauded—their determination, namely, that this land should be the home of a free and self-governing people. Then the President went on to say that he "should like to believe" that the entire hemisphere is devoted to the same high ends, and that "nowhere can any government endure which is stained by blood or supported by anything but the consent of the governed."

This, in the nature of the case, was no more than a fine aspiration. It could not be a rule by which our international relations and our diplomatic intercourse are to be in all cases controlled. It was a noble sentiment which President Wilson uttered at Swarthmore, with characteristic eloquence, and the hope which he cherishes beats in the hearts of all true lovers of their country and lovers of mankind. The President struck a note like that often set vibrating in the speeches of John Bright. It was he, for example, who once gave it as his creed: "I most devoutly believe that the moral law is not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations." From this no one will have the hardihood openly to dissent. But the difficulty comes in its specific application, just as it would come in the attempt to deduce a rule of conduct towards Mexico, or any South American country, from the pious wish which President Wilson expressed on Saturday.

To jump from it to the conclusion that he will, under no circumstances, recognize a Mexican Government "stained by blood," is probably the last thing that he himself would do. Earlier in the day, in his spirited address at the rededication of Congress Hall in Philadelphia, the President remarked on the fact that one in his position to-day got little practical help from the great general principles embodied in Bills of Rights and Constitutions. What continually confronts the Executive is the specific case. In deciding what to do with it, he must face the changed day and the new circumstance as well as study the old thoughts. They will teach him the spirit in which he ought to act, but not precisely how to act. And similarly, we may be sure, President Wilson would not find a sure or safe guide in the doctrine that no Government in Mexico ought to be recognized by the United States that had its origin in violence.

As a matter of fact, Mexico has known almost no other kind of Government, and there seems, unhappily, no prospect of any other for a long time to come. The real objection to recognizing Huerta—the real internationally valid objection—was that he gave no promise of stable and secure government for Mexico. The fact that he was a disloyal officer and almost certainly *particeps criminis* in a foul murder might indeed make us shrink away from him in personal abhorrence. But if even the vilest of men is acquiesced in as ruler by the people of his country; if his government keeps order and makes life and property secure; if the courts are open, if business goes on, if foreigners are protected, then there is nothing to do but to shut one's eyes to the personal character of the man and think of him solely in his official and representative capacity. It was not necessary or wise to do this in the case of Huerta, for from the first there was reason to doubt whether he could maintain himself. That President Wilson was justified in his early hesitations about Huerta the event has shown. Mexico does not accept him. The country is torn by revolutions amounting now to a civil war. Gen. Huerta has proclaimed himself Dictator, and now, by decree, would increase the army to 150,000 men—five times the number that was sufficient to keep in power the military oligarchy of Porfirio Diaz. Huerta may or may not be "stained by blood"; but it is obvious that his rule is one to which the Mexican people will not submit.

So far as one can now see, there will be no immediate necessity for President Wilson to change his waiting policy towards Mexico. The so-called Mexican elections give no promise of real relief. Even if there had been anything like a Constitutional vote in the States taking part, half the territory of the republic would not abide by the result. But while this Government is waiting, it is of the highest importance to have in mind what we are waiting for. It is not for the emergence of a morally impeccable President of Mexico. It is not our business to teach Mexicans morals or even self-government. All that we can ask is a settled government in Mexico, capable of uniting the country and of discharging all international obligations. To demand more—and even this minimum is, unhappily, not in sight—would be both futile and dangerous.

TAMMANY'S OVERPLAYED HAND.

The Tammany leaders in their city of New York have visibly waked up to a fact which must be the most mortifying possible to hardened political gamblers like themselves. They have bet too high on their cards. They have overplayed their hand. Seeking to win everything, they now see themselves in peril of losing everything. On all sides they perceive signs that their effrontery and their greed are provoking a tremendous reaction against them. The whole appearance of the city campaign has completely changed in a fortnight. Tammany is thrown into confusion and consternation by a series of terrific attacks. Up and down the city the name of Murphy has become the signal for cries of execration. Most alarming of all to the Tammany mind, the election betting odds have gone about and now favor Mitchel. Many who were expecting to vote for McCall are abandoning him. Evarts is said to have remarked to a Republican orator, about to make speeches for Blaine, that he could understand how a man might vote for Blaine, but did not see how anybody could defend him. In very much that plight stands the Tammany candidate, with the election only five days away.

Indications are not lacking that Tammany is at last conscious that it has been grossly overdoing it these past few

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weeks. This is especially the case in the matter of its dealings with Sulzer. Its savage turning on an old "pal" like him now begins to appear a political blunder worse than a crime. The Tammany leaders thought that they could destroy Sulzer; but, like the assassin who rushed upon Giuliano dei Medici, in their fury they wounded themselves with their own daggers. The poorer a creature they made Sulzer out, the more despicable did they themselves appear. Sulzer has now only to harangue the East Side, and howls of rage at Murphy, with threats of vengeance on Tammany, fill the air. Never was there a clearer proof that those politicians do not know their own business who do not use their power moderately; that a grievance such as Tammany has given Sulzer is a powerful make-weight in politics; and that the unscrupulous and remorseless pressing of an advantage over an opponent in public life is the greatest mistake that anybody in public life can make.

To all this Tammany has finally become alive. No doubt it is *un peu tard*, as La Fontaine and Charles F. Murphy would say, but it has come. And the way in which the swinish rush now bids fair to be only down a steep place into the sea, is an example of human folly, and its punishment, from which Plato or Burke would not have disdained to draw wisdom. Even within Tammany the feeling is now obvious that it is a case of too much Murphy. Hence the renewal of the hints that he is about to retire as Boss; that he is anxious about his health, dejected by the assaults upon him, and so on.

But while such a result may be looked upon with unalloyed satisfaction, it is impossible to contemplate the process with unmixed pleasure. In some of its phases, it illustrates a deplorable condition of mind among large sections of the community; and in the conduct of Sulzer himself there is that which breeds not only displeasure but disgust. He is indeed "the same old Bill"—the same impudence, the same colossal conceit, the same want of regard for the truth. Let any man read the preposterous story which he has put out of the conversation between himself and Allan Ryan, and then read the plain, straightforward, and convincing reply immediately made by Ryan. No intelligent person can doubt which of these statements is the truth and which a fabrication; and this latest exhibition of Sulzer's quality cannot fail to give a new edge to the feeling of shame that such a man should have been chosen for the highest honor in the gift of the people of this State. But he might convict himself of plain ordinary lying a hundred times, as he has been convicted of making false returns of campaign contributions and of appropriating such contributions to his own use, without dampening in the least the ardor of his fanatical followers. Rabbi Coffee, of Pittsburgh, a man eminent in the work of social betterment and the fight against political corruption in that city, who happens now to be in New York, has raised his voice in protest against this blind frenzy to which more than one minister, Christian as well as Jewish, has lent countenance. "The rabbi," he declared, "must stand for moral ideas, must fight for eternal principles, never for men, and surely not for those found guilty after a fair trial." With the mass of the Sulzer enthusiasts, however, this will be but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

POLONIUS AND THE ZEITGEIST.

An evening with Mr. Sothern or with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at their respective play-houses, reveals the fact that there is one character in "Hamlet" whom it would be even more difficult to omit than the Prince of Denmark. We refer to the Lord Chamberlain at the court of Denmark. Study the people in the seats, and it will appear that no matter how acutely they respond to the solemn cadences of "To be or not to be," they respond more intimately, more easily, more humanly to Polonius when he speeds his son Laertes on the voyage to France. One can almost hear the sigh of satisfaction that runs through the auditorium, one almost perceives the general half-suppressed thrill of delight, the silent accompaniment of the lips, when the old man begins his familiar text, "Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportion'd thought his act." The roots of memory that run back into the schoolroom thrill with life again. At such a moment an audience of men and women enjoys that absolute absorption into the fable which is given only to very young children to enjoy when they allow themselves to be entranced by the words of a story which they know by heart.

It is the familiarity of the scene that grips the audience, and hardly its merits. Just why these lines of advice to Laertes should have been inserted in the text cannot be explained on any other ground than that the author had a few gnomic sentences in his head on the subject of success in life, and thought the third scene of the first act of "Hamlet" as good a place as any. The situation does not demand them. Laertes, it will be recalled, has already been to France, whence he returned to attend the coronation of Hamlet's uncle. Apparently, the upper classes at the time felt no obligation to see Denmark first. In the gay capital of Europe Laertes must have acquired a fund of experience and knowledge which his father, for all his years, could hardly match. All this advice, therefore, about how to wear clothes and to form acquaintanceship, while it might have been appropriate enough for, say, young Hamlet when he first set out for Wittenberg, must have been quite thrown away on the young cosmopolite Laertes. His sister was cleverer in this respect than her father. When Laertes, on parting, admonishes her to be circumspect with regard to Prince Hamlet, Ophelia makes it quite plain that she thinks his a case in which pious admonition should begin at home.

But this is somewhat beside the question. The salient fact is that a modern audience, even allowing for the spell of childhood associations, finds nothing ludicrous in the spectacle of a father offering advice to his son. Far from that, the audience looks forward to the scene. The habit of making it a parent's privilege and duty to bestow counsel upon his son when he sends him out into the world has persisted in spite of recurrent insurrections by the young. Every generation tries to oppose the desires and instincts of the young to the wariness and disenchantment of their elders, but paternal advice is as popular as ever. What an anthology of such paternal advice one might gather out of the world's novels and plays, from Proverbs to the infallible remedy against digestive trouble which David Balfour's mother bequeathed to him. The elder's privilege to warn and instruct has maintained itself as vigor-

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ously as the young man's privilege to hear and forget.

Still, habits do die with time. How long will this venerable paternal prerogative endure? Possibly Polonius, in his heart of hearts, may have had his doubts as to what he really could teach this grown-up, travelled son of his. How much harder is it for the modern father, whose modern child is brought up on modern school programmes and reads the same modern newspaper that his father does! Is there anything, from the way apples grow and carbon is made to the mysteries of physiology, that Laertes to-day could not teach Polonius? Fortunate for the Lord Chamberlain of Denmark that he did not live to see the Century of the Child! His inability to distinguish a cloud from a camel and a weasel would have made him an object of derision to youthful classes in nature-study. The times will soon be completely out of joint for Polonius. The audiences still like him, but that is because "Hamlet" audiences are naturally old-fashioned.

MRS. WHARTON'S MANNER.

Mrs. Wharton's early successes as a writer of short stories were not the chance successes of a tyro. She had already served her apprenticeship, without making the public pay for the crude products of that trying phase of experience. She had learned what she wanted to do, and how to do it. She could take a situation or an episode involving two or three human figures, and wring the truth from it—the truth as she personally saw it. She could drive home her interpretation with witty phrase and epigram. She could make people "sit up," without the use of vulgar stimulants. If there was one quality which pleased her audience more than her brilliancy, it was her breeding. A final zest was given to the enjoyment of her style by the sense that it was gentlemanlike. That sense was misleading, of course, for she has always been strongly feminine; but it is possible for a voice a trifle deeper than common, a gesture somewhat more frank, to enhance the charm of femininity by its hint of contradiction.

But beneath the suavity and self-possession of her manner there has always been a restless spirit, and the time passed soon when the exercise of wit and adroitness could soothe it. She had, besides, the resources of the study, and the riches of art. Turning from the short story to the novel, she called them to her aid. She ranged herself in that school of sophistication, of finesse, half-lights, and rich, dim accessories, which was then ascendant. She knew her Meredith, her James, her Howells, and the greater masters of France—Bourget, Stendhal, and the rest. She wished to address herself to no vulgar audience. The very titles of those earlier books, "The Greater Inclination," "Crucial Instances," "The Valley of Decision," were a snub to the populace and a challenge to the fastidious. The populace does not deal in comparatives, *nuances*, reservations, compunctions.

There lies, however, between the reading masses and the small choir of the elect, a surprising body of persons, chiefly feminine, who aspire to sophistication and connoisseurship. The aspiration, as applied to literature, was more fashionable ten years ago than now, perhaps. Certainly a good many readers who aspired in that way were attracted to Mrs. Wharton's earlier novels. To wander through the pages of "The Valley of Decision," for example, was to breathe an atmosphere of polite and erudite adventure, in lands where life had become a finished thing long before American crudity began. It was not a very good story as a story; but the charm of its style, of its leisurely winding along paths of old-world glamour, was indubitable. There was something else—the occurrence here and there of an episode vivid and telling, the work not of the gentleman and scholar and agreeable cicerone, under whose guidance we seemed, for the most part, to be quietly progressing, but of Mrs. Wharton, the story-teller.

Looking back, from this remove, we suspect that those episodes, so incidentally and even negligently vouchsafed, were the most genuine part of the book: the rest, a brilliant *tour de force*. Its very elegance, its languor, its abstention from display of wit or from excess of any sort, mark it as a feat. For Mrs. Wharton is not a gentleman or a reflective philosopher. She is a nervous, cultivated American woman, an extremely clever performer on one of the favorite instruments of the hour: a virtuoso, but in the popular sense of the word. And she has been too clever not to find her way instinctively to the larger audience which was ready for her.

With "The House of Mirth" she captured it. Here, almost in the flesh, was that society to which striving America looks up with delighted consternation. Here was a story of the "Four Hundred" written from the inside, a moving picture of high life. It could have been the work of no one but Mrs. Wharton, and yet was plainly the work of another than the Mrs. Wharton of "The Dilettante" or "The Valley of Decision." Both her wit and her erudition were now under better control. She no longer sparkled for the sake of sparkling, or alluded for the sake of allusion. In fact, she must have had a pretty clear notion of the audience she was addressing and of its needs.

It was not an altogether different audience from her older one; but it was wider, more various. The novelist, like the playwright, must, if he expects to command a satisfactory hearing, appeal, in some sense, to the mass as an individual. What Mr. A. B. Walkley has said of the theatre audience applies, roughly, to what may be called the magazine audience. The element of physical contact and contagion is lacking; but the constituency of the news-stands does somehow pull together as one man. "A crowd," Mr. Walkley says, "forms a new entity, with a mind and character of its own; it differs from the individuals composing it, just as our bodies are unlike the cells of which they are made up, or just as a chemical combination is unlike its separate ingredients."

Before "The House of Mirth" Mrs. Wharton had not set herself seriously to the task of captivating the magazine audience. She had tickled its ears with her clever wisps of satire and badinage. She had gone over its head entirely with "The Valley of Decision," and the books on Italy which followed. Now, at one stroke, she succeeded in rousing it to excited attention with the "House of Mirth." Not that Mrs. Wharton abased herself to the magazine manner. Her style was as finished and urbane as ever. But at last its refinement was felt to be in keeping with the theme. Here, in elegant black and white, were the superior beings to whom democracy had hitherto been able to award only the humbler tributes of the society column and *Town Topics*.

The tale of Lily Bart could have been justified only as lifted to the plane of tragedy. In Mrs. Wharton's hands, adroit as they are, it remained sordid and vulgar. Something might have been done with it in the way of uncompromising realism; so, at least, a negative force and meaning might have been given to it. But in attempting to employ the machinery of tragic romance, Mrs. Wharton attempted the impossible. Lily is not a tragic figure, but a feeble and paltry one. Such glamour as she has is the meretricious glamour of social position; and this is true of all her "set."

Perhaps Mrs. Wharton felt the irony of Lily's fame. No doubt she was annoyed by the persistent attempts to give a local habitation and a name to each of her imaginary figures of New York. That was her penalty for not having made them also imaginative. At all events, in "Madame de Treymes" she withdrew to a safer and sounder field. Here, as in "Sanctuary," she challenged the closest comparison with Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick (who, then irre-

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proachable, has since gained popularity with "Tante"). A delicate study of old-world life on a comparatively small scale, "Madame de Treymes" went its quiet way. But in "The Fruit of the Tree" Mrs. Wharton again made, to speak coarsely, a hit. It was not precisely the same kind of hit as that which she had scored in "The House of Mirth." It lacked two elements of popular appeal which had counted in the earlier novel. It did not paint the society of our dreams—that of New York and environs—and it did not turn upon a problem of sex. But there was a problem—and it interested the public because it was a problem which everybody has attacked, however casually, and nobody has solved: is it right, under any circumstance, to put a human being "out of misery"? Unluckily, this is even less approachably a "well-made" novel than "The House of Mirth." Its six hundred odd pages contain material for two distinct novels—or perhaps we should say for a dozen short stories. And, as in "The House of Mirth," its material was presented with nothing more than cleverness—without the transforming touch of imagination.

In "The Custom of the Country,"* we are told, Mrs. Wharton has returned to the field of "The House of Mirth." We do not find this to be literally true. The heroine of this story is not a Lily Bart, but an Undine Spragg, of Apex City, Arizona. We find her in New York, to be sure, bent upon breaking in among the best people. In fact, when we meet her she has been there two years, with her attendant parents, and has not yet broken in. But she is on the eve of it. In a Bohemian circle to which she has penetrated, she meets a fashionable portrait-painter, Claud Walsingham Popple, and is much impressed with his fine presence and manners. Through him she meets, and is not impressed by, a real scion of the aristocracy, Ralph Marvell. He at once, without other excuse than her crude young beauty, falls in love with her; and as soon as she realizes that he is "the real thing," she succumbs.

Now, Undine Spragg is not a new type. We have met her recently in many novels—in Mr. Herrick's "One Woman's Story," in Mr. Dreiser, in the recent "Joan Thursday" of Mr. Louis Joseph Vance; in fact, wherever among our novelists realism continues to rear its head. She is the daughter of the plain people, forging towards success and happiness in the fashionable sense of the terms. The thing that is hard to pardon in her is that she appears a caricature instead of a refinement of that type. Undine Spragg is as hard, as vulgar, as calculating, as selfish as any professional daughter of pleasure could be. That she is physically cold does not prevent her being twice divorced in pursuit of the main chance, and finally falling back upon her first husband, because he is not only a multi-millionaire, but the only person who understands her. They are unmistakably a pair.

There is nothing to attach the deeper sympathies of the reader to this person or to any other in the book. Paul Marvell, who dies by his own hand, is well out of it, and that is all we feel: with his elegance and sensitiveness, he shows the futility that besets most of Mrs. Wharton's finer-grained male Americans. The Count de Trézac, who succeeds him, is of similar type, except for the fact that "the custom of the country," with him, makes the family of more importance than the wife, and so stiffens his backbone against her encroachments. Most of the other figures in the book are caricatured, from the masseuse and manicure artist, Mrs. Heeny, to the unspeakable Van Degen.

With all its amenity of manner, "The Custom of the Country" has a sharply satirical tone. The heroine is a mere monster of vulgarity; and Mrs. Wharton seems to feel a ruthless satisfaction in exposing her in all her enormity. The result is a defeat of what should have been the main purpose, to *interest* us in the Spragg. A caricature does not remain interesting to the length of six hundred pages. And there is no use trying to convey on paper the charm of a physical beauty which has no backing in mind or character. The mood of satire seems to be growing upon Mrs. Wharton, a dubious sign in a writer who has passed a certain age. It is hard to feel that, clever and effective and varied as her work has been, and is, she has ever yet veritably "found herself"—the self of assured power which seemed to exist potentially in her first books. Ten years ago, a stranger asking an American who was the most distinguished of our novelists would very likely have heard the name of Mrs. Wharton. It is not altogether due to the fact that other (potential) giants have arisen among us, that the answer would now hardly be the same.

H. W. B.

The Custom of the Country. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Washington Benevolent Society, hitherto almost unknown to history, was represented by a nearly complete collection of its publications at a sale at the Anderson Galleries on October 28.

Benson J. Lossing, in the "Cyclopædia of United States History," notes the existence of this Society in a few short paragraphs, and erroneously places the date of its organization in 1812. His account is copied in other works of reference. That the Society was founded in 1808 is clearly established by the first number of the above collection: "Washington's Farewell Address, to the People of the United States, Published for the Washington Benevolent Society. New York: Printed by J. Seymour, at Washington's Head, No. 118 Pearl-Street, 1808." On a fly-leaf is printed and written the following certificate of membership:

> This certifies that *Augustus Fleming* has been regularly admitted a Member of the "Washington Benevolent Society," instituted in the City of New York, on the 12th day of July, 1808.
>
> New York, *24th Nov.*, 1808.
> *Isaac Sebring*, President.
> *G. C. Verplanck*, Secretary.

Organized by the Federal party to promote the principles of Washington as set forth in his "Farewell Address," the Society soon began to exert a potent influence on the people. During the first four years branches were established in nearly every town and village of the North and East, and copies of the "Farewell Address" were presented to each member. It made "peace" its constant watchword and, until hostilities actually commenced in 1812, used every effort to avoid the approaching struggle. Even after war was declared many of the "peace at any price" adherents were found among its members. Each member was required to sign the Constitution and the following declaration:

> We, each of us, do hereby declare, that we are firmly attached to the Constitution of the United States and to that of . . . [State] . . .; to the principles of a free republican government, and to those which regulated the public conduct of George Washington; that we will each of us, to the best of our ability, aid, and, so far as may be consistent with our religious principles respectively, preserve the rights and liberties of our country against all foreign and domestic violence, fraud, and usurpation, and that, as members of the Washington Benevolent Society, we will in all things comply with its regulations, support its principles, and enforce its views.

An oration delivered before the Society at Boston, by Josiah Quincy, emphasized their opposition to the party in power:

> Our rulers—who are they, and what is true of them? Mr. Madison is President, Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State; Mr. Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Armstrong, Secretary of War. Every man of them in Washington's day, the enemy of his policy. All of them laid the foundations of their present elevation on the ruin of his influence, and that of his selected friends.

The publications of the Washington Benevolent Society are of special interest, not only for the many rare imprints found in the collection, but for the great variety of Washington portraits, there being no less than fourteen different examples, some by unknown artists and engravers. The certificates issued with the volumes are of importance, as each was signed by the president and secretary of the local branch from which it was issued, men, in some cases, of national prominence. Troy, N. Y., appears to have been the next to issue a "Farewell Address," David Carlisle having published it in 1810. Hudson, N. Y., followed in 1811, with the certificate signed by Reuben Folger and William Hudson. In another Hudson copy the certificate is for the County of Berkshire, Town of Stockbridge, and is signed by John W. Hulbert, Henry Brown, and James Bail.

The year 1812 shows the greatest number of issues, the collection containing copies from Boston, Mass., printed by Buck-

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ingham, signed by William Stedman and Daniel Waldo (prominent clergyman); Greenfield, Mass., printed by Denio & Phelps; Hudson, N. Y., printed by Norman; New Brunswick, N. J., Lewis Deare, printer; Springfield, Mass., Thomas Dickman, printer, signed by John Hooker and Edmund Bliss; Troy, N. Y., printed by Henry Stockwell; another edition from Troy, printed by Parker and Bliss; Windsor, printed by Pomroy; Brookfield, Albany, and Trenton. In 1813 there were issues from Hartford, Hudson, New Brunswick, Springfield, and Worcester. The last "Address" issued by the Society appears to have been from Hartford, Conn., in 1814.

In addition to Washington's "Farewell Address" the Society published "The Text-Book of the Washington Benevolent Society; containing a Biography and Character of George Washington, his Farewell Address, and the Federal Constitution. Concord, George Hough, 1812"; orations by William Sullivan, John Pierpont, and Josiah Quincy; badges on which were printed the portrait of Washington; and a medal showing Benevolence crowning the bust of Washington.

Throughout the War of 1812 the Society opposed, as far as possible, the work of the Administration, but they accomplished much good by their benevolence, and Washington Hall, in Philadelphia, stands as a record of their achievement. With the demise of the Federal party during Monroe's Administration, the Society disappeared, its various branches being either amalgamated with other local organizations or dissolved.

E. F. HANABURGH.

Correspondence

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF THE BEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To get the best possible out of every human being—having regard to his endowment and environment—is a legitimate aim of economics, statesmanship, and education.

Look at the athletics in our colleges. They are organized upon an aristocratic system, to get the best out of the best. Skilled experts select from the entire student body those most richly endowed for their purposes in body, mind, and character. They then train them most carefully, and shower upon them all the advantages that money, time, and skill can give. The élite are now exercised, fed, and rested, then bathed, oiled, and rubbed, and sent off to Atlantic City or the Northern woods, as the highest judgment dictates. This exemplifies a principle in aristocracy—developing the best-trained powers of the best for the advantage of the race, and not fretting too much about the common crowd, but leaving it to take as much as it will out of the rich opportunities offered by the system at large. As a matter of fact, many think our athletics too aristocratically conducted, in that they do not afford out of their large receipts adequate facilities of grounds, buildings, and equipments for the participation of the commonalty in the sports so highly fostered.

I think this is the method of all the student activities at our colleges—athletics of every kind, drama, journalism, music, societies for literature and debate, or fraternities for social advantage. Nor can it be said that the system fails. All that look on, as well as all that take part, seem to agree that the best men for the purposes in view are found, trained to the highest point, and adapted to the objects in view.

But look at our education of the mind. In almost any educational convention, proposals to grade men in classes by merit rather than by age or alphabetized names, and to carry forward the superior men faster and further than their fellows, are quickly rejected as hostile to democracy and to the "American spirit"—in short, as "un-American." There is an implied theory—a kind of pseudo-democratic argument—which wishes to assume an "average mind" for all men of a given age, with an ability in everybody to reach the same standard, and even in the same time, if only the best teaching and training are employed.

It should seem to accord better with nature and science to find some way of separating, in each line of effort, those best equipped, most fond of the subject, most ready to work, from those who are less good or least good in these respects. An illustration may, perhaps, be found in the English system of university study and degrees, and again in the German system of treating the very youngest in their early classes at school. It was about 1809 that Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England discovered that the number of students relatively rich in purse but slow in mind, or unprepared, or indifferent to study was so greatly and rapidly increasing in the universities as to hold back in the several schools the highest training of the best endowed and most willing students. They did not see how to shut their doors against young men of means, though of small intellect and interest in study, who wished to devote such years of life to academic culture, even if the result of that culture was to be small; so they determined to separate the slow men and those willing to be satisfied with a minimum or "pass" degree, that is, with half-way excellence, from the eager, industrious, and able students who were ambitious of high honors. Thus were established the two sets of schools—the pass and the honors; and the system has been used from that day to this with general approval.

The present writer has no desire—he finds no one that has the desire—to diminish seriously the play of athletics or of other wholesome student activities. Athletics have done much, unquestionably, of good, not only for health of body and mind, but for good morals and vigorous qualities of heart and character, and the other activities have contributed to culture and to happiness. But is there any reason why—following the example of such student interests—the separation should not be made of those who make only moderate advance in higher education and those who are able to reach the utmost proficiency in specialized mental and professional work? The interests of both may, we think, be fully served together. And this recognition of intellect in turn would diminish any excesses of athletics or other student activities, and tend to restore to right limits and due prominence all interests together.

In the athletic world we see that the entire student body and the community at large are quite sure that the athletic system by its aristocratic principle has succeeded in picking out the best material and training it to the highest proficiency. They are also satisfied that the majority of low grade have every opportunity, and they worry no more about them. The university initial on a student's breast is accepted as marking first-class or highest excellence in the field of athletic endeavor. But is there any equally conclusive judgment in regard to mental results? Does the student body, or the student press, or the press of the community and the thoughtful public at large, know or recognize a corresponding and supreme distinction in the intellectual training and prowess of our "best"? One rarely meets such recognition in the talk of college students. *Cum laude* or *summa cum laude* goes for little with them. I hear them object that some such honor is awarded for the work of a single term; that the course was a narrow, specialized course; that the professor made the syllabus which the student had merely to commit to memory; that the professor made out the examination questions for his own course and perhaps marked the answer books himself; and then there comes a shrugging of the shoulders. Now in England the honor courses run two and three years, without an examination counting for the degree—in itself a test and guarantee of mental power—upon a single subject or a group of kindred subjects worked into a broad unity. At the conclusion of a course the students have a considerable series of written papers and supplementary oral examinations at the hands of a highly expert examining body, made up of men who have never taught the candidates or known them.

When a verdict is reached and judgment pronounced, the names of the first class, out of the four classes into which the honor candidates are graded, are accepted by the whole student body, by the press, and the community as representing men of first-rate, tried, and tested minds, as sure to succeed in mental aims in the world as the great athletes in the physical. And material emolument and desirable positions in a life career are at once put before them.

We cannot safely ignore the inequalities in man. Let the athletics take on more democracy for the physical training of the multitude, and let the real academics take on some aristocracy for the careful production of superior minds, educated to the highest point. Is not the best real progress always based on balanced combination and interlocking of these two great principles of humanity? Let us have "Pass" and "Class" in our colleges.

CHARLES S. KNOX.

St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., October 22.

A GRIEVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am disappointed and aggrieved at the attitude which the *Nation* sees fit to assume towards the governmental action of the past few months.

I subscribed for your journal on the assurance of New York friends of mine that it was independent in politics, conservative in principle, and devoted to the interests of civil service reform. Yet I find it sup-

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porting a President who in eight short months has shown more radicalism of spirit than was ever made manifest by any other of the country's Chief Magistrates in his whole term of office; who in his appointments has been guided by political expediency rather than inherent fitness; and whose methods in "driving" the Congress are more drastic than those employed by another incumbent whose course in this (and other) respects the *Nation* can hardly find language strong enough to condemn.

I find your columns silent—or feeble—in face of a Currency bill which threatens our gold standard, and a clause in the Tariff bill which recklessly and shamelessly sets at naught the principle of civil service reform; while your latest issue makes cheerful prophecy of the beneficent results of this same Tariff bill, one of whose leading provisions is the establishment of an income tax which is as flagrant an instance of class legislation as has ever darkened a country's history.

Your journal has thus given proof of being in effect only a party organ like many another which receives scant courtesy at your hands, and in my judgment differs from these other Democratic papers only in the grandiloquence of its professions, and the excellence (which it still maintains) of its literary style.

M. J. SITGREAVES.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., October 15.

MR. BAKER AND "AN ELASTIC CURRENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Herbert L. Baker, in a letter to the *Nation* for October 16, seems to have hit upon an important discovery. This discovery is that "an elastic currency" is "a contradiction in terms—a vicious absurdity," "a manifest impossibility," etc. Now we would first premise that when a phrase of this kind has gained a firm foothold in the language, has become a part of the established vocabulary of all literature on the subject, prudence should dictate some caution in applying such harsh epithets to it. It must be performing some useful function, or all economists and writers on banking would not concur so universally in employing it.

We quite agree with Mr. Baker that stability is a prime requisite of any circulating medium, but stability of value or purchasing power, and not stability of volume. In order to preserve stability of value it may be, and often is, necessary to change the volume. I think he has confounded two very different kinds of increase in volume. One is a large increase in volume extending steadily over a period of years without regard to business needs for more money, as an irredeemable paper currency, or an increase in the output of the precious metals from mining. This may or may not be a question of banking. On the other hand, there is an increase in volume demanded by an increase in business operations which require more money for their management, money "to finance prosperity." A currency which expands in response to these needs, and does not go beyond them, is said to be "elastic." It maintains stability of value, does not destroy it, and the principle is recognized in every economic theory and banking system of modern times. Without it, whenever business becomes active, money gets "tight," and conditions at once arise which hinder the further progress of business. Business activities are constantly varying, and therefore the volume of money needed to carry them on should constantly vary. Otherwise the fluctuations in the value of money will be just in proportion to the rise and fall in demand for it. The only way to keep the value stable is to preserve a happy balance between supply and demand. An ideal currency is one which automatically expands and contracts, according to this law. Take the familiar instance of the South and West in late summer and autumn. There is an unusual demand for money to "move the crops," it being customary to pay wage-earners in cash. After this season less money is needed for ordinary business. Whenever business is active for any length of time over any considerable area there will be a similar need of money. A currency which readily expands and contracts to meet such needs is said to be "elastic."

The want of elasticity is the chief point of attack on our present national bank system. It is thought to procure this very feature, but by making United States bonds the sole basis of issue, it has been found in practice that instead of expanding and contracting their issues to meet the needs of business, the banks are influenced too much by the variation in the price of United States bonds. When there is an issue of bonds offering a good investment, they are gobbled up by the banks, and issued in the form of notes regardless of business needs for more or less money. The Aldrich act of 1908, suggested by the panic of 1907, was intended to remedy this defect by allowing banks to issue notes on other collateral, State, county, and municipal bonds, or even on personal endorsement, but it was coupled with other provisions which well-nigh defeated the aim of the bill. The intention of the Aldrich act conforms to the Canadian system, which is highly elastic and serviceable.

Elasticity is one of the chief aims in every currency system. It seems to have been attained in Europe by a centralized banking system, as the Bank of England, Bank of France, Reichsbank of Germany, all of which have almost exclusive power of issuing notes in their respective countries. Even Switzerland very recently has changed from the decentralized to the centralized system. It formed the keystone of Alexander Hamilton's financial system, and the adoption of such a system in our own country would be only in keeping with the trend of modern banking in all the most advanced commercial nations.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., October 21.

A QUERY ABOUT THE CURRENCY BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I began to take your paper at its beginning in 1865, and have never since been without it, even during foreign journeys, you will not doubt my great enjoyment of it. One of the features introduced a few years ago which greatly interests me is the finance department. Just now I am solicitous as to the effect of the new Currency bill; soon, I suppose, to become law in some shape.

I write to ask if you cannot give us some statement of your opinion as to the probable effect of two of the features of the law about which I feel some anxiety. These are the issuing of notes by the Government, instead of by the banks, and the apparent determination not to state squarely that the notes are redeemable in gold.

CHAS. A. BURDITT.

Boston, October 21.

[The Government, under the terms of the pending House bill, would not "issue" the new notes in any different sense from that under which it issues the present bank notes. The present law provides that a national bank, "upon the deposit with the Treasurer of the United States . . . of any bonds of the United States," "shall be entitled to receive from the Controller of the Currency circulating notes . . . equal in amount to the par value of the bonds" thus deposited. The pending House bill provides that "any Federal bank may, upon vote of its directors, make application to the local Federal reserve agent for such amount of the Federal reserve notes hereinbefore provided as it may deem best." The collateral (rediscounted notes and bills) is to be deposited with the agent of the Federal Reserve Board, who is chairman of the regional bank's directorate, just as United States bonds are now deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. The Federal reserve bank keeps in its vaults the prescribed money reserve against outstanding notes, and will naturally "take out circulation" (the phrase used of the present system) only as an individual bank requests it. In all this, the Government would have no part whatsoever, except to prepare and deliver the actual notes, as it does to-day, and to see that the security is kept good, as it does to-day. The Federal Reserve Board can put a limit on outstanding notes; it cannot increase them.

The provision that the notes "shall be redeemed in gold or lawful money on demand," is some improvement on the present law, under which, when national bank notes are sent to the United States Treasurer for redemption, "the same shall be redeemed in United States notes"; the 5 per cent. reserve kept by each bank with the Treasury, for redemption purposes, being "in lawful money of the United States." But the new law ought undoubtedly to stipulate gold alone. Evidently, some of the authors of the bill wished to do so; otherwise, why say "gold or lawful money"? The only gold in which redemption is possible would be *ipso facto* "lawful money."—ED. NATION.]

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MIXED ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is from Gouverneur Morris's story in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post:*

In a grove of hawthorns, kneeling, sitting upon her heels and contemplating her Oriental charms in a deep pool, he came suddenly upon the Princess Lo and her little green monkey.

I have tried to visualize the hero in the act of sitting upon the princess's heels, but must admit that my imagination is too feeble to paint the scene. Why did he not sit upon his own heels? Then again, if he was sitting upon her heels, how could he suddenly come upon her? Or can it be that she sat upon her own heels, contemplated her Oriental charms, and he did the sudden-coming? If it is this that Mr. Morris intended to say, he certainly did not succeed in the sentence quoted.

One wonders what has become of our respect for our mother tongue when one comes upon such monstrosities of English in a fairly representative magazine. If our writers exercised a little care in the preparation of their manuscripts such instances of bad grammar would not find their way into print. For surely a writer of Mr. Morris's standing has a better knowledge of grammar than he exhibits in this specimen. My professor of Latin was accustomed to say: "To abuse the English language is as immoral as to steal sheep." I am half inclined to think he was right.

DAVID FICHMAN.

Lexington, Ky., October 20.

Literature

DANTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Dante and Aquinas: Being the Substance of the Jowett Lectures of 1911. By Philip H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

"I think it may be said without due sacrifice to the love of antithesis that Aquinas regards the whole range of human experiences and activities as the collecting ground for illustrations of Christian truth, and Dante regards Christian truth as the interpreting and inspiring force that makes all human life live." Mr. Wicksteed's lucid and suggestive book is the development of this antithesis. He leaves us persuaded of its essential truth, although at times his greater sympathy with the poet may render him not quite fair to the ecclesiastic.

For Dante "Christian truth" is, on the whole, authoritatively defined by Aquinas, who had single-handed made "warp and woof of a single web" the body of dogmatic belief accepted by the Church and the newly recovered philosophy of Aristotle. But Aristotle's doctrines had been as profoundly transformed by the Arabian philosophers as Christ's teachings by the Church Fathers. Each had, in effect, been assimilated towards a Platonic, or Neo-Platonic, absolutism. Plato's "ideas" and Aristotle's "forms" had been rubbed into quasi-indistinguishableness. Aquinas had to bring into conformity with Christian revelation an already existent amalgamation of Plato and Aristotle. To understand his amalgamation, therefore, we must be made to understand that earlier one, which, in relation to the fundamental problem of Form and Matter, leads back in its turn to the beginnings of Greek thought. In three highly succinct chapters, accordingly, Mr. Wicksteed follows the gleam of this problem from Greece to Alexandria and Mesopotamia, and thence back again to Europe; and makes the intellectual journey fascinating, almost romantic.

As to the indebtedness of Dante to Aquinas, he deprecates the hunt for mere borrowings. "It is always more important to know what Dante does with an idea or a phrase than to know where he got it from." The emphasis marks his method. He illustrates, indeed, the influence of Aquinas over Dante from the "Vita Nuova" on, but he is more interested in the disciple's departures.

Indeed, in that very central issue of Form and Matter Dante, we are told, departs not only from the doctrine of Aquinas, but from that of the Church itself. One of Dante's conclusions is declared "philosophically heretical," but the saving qualification hardly seems justified. Dante, says Mr. Wicksteed, "repeatedly asserts or implies that there was a distinct creation of first matter as a pure potentiality." The principle accepted by the Christian Aristotelians and ratified by the Church was that "matter without form cannot exist." The antithesis appears absolute; and Mr. Wicksteed by no means stands alone in drawing it. But he frankly and convincingly points out the result. "It almost seems as if in departing from the teaching of Aquinas on form and matter at the first creation Dante had never related his own views on the subject to the general body of his thought, and fell into inconsistencies of which he was not himself aware" (p. 150). This is indeed "startling"—especially when we are reminded that it is the unique instance of loose thinking by Dante, and also that the issue was a fundamental one, and one to which he confesses he had given strenuous attention. It seems imperative, therefore, to reconsider the facts. Although no extended discussion is here possible, it may be permissible to raise a doubt as to the inevitableness of the supposed "heresy." Evidence that Dante rejected the established principle that "matter without form cannot exist" is summarized by Mr. Wicksteed as follows:

> . . . Dante tells us in the seventh canto of the "Paradiso" that the elements were informed by created power, though the matter which was informed was directly created by God. Accordingly, the elements will be dissolved and they endure but for a space, which is directly counter to the teaching of Aquinas at the end of the last book of the "Contra Gentiles," for example. Nor is this a casual expression of Dante's, for in "Paradiso," xxix, 34, we are told that "pure potentiality," which line 22 identifies with pure or formless matter, was separately created and occupied the centre of the universe. It would be impossible to conceive a sharper contradiction of the principle *materia sine forma esse non potest* (p. 147).

In fact, however, are we told that the elements shall cease to exist, shall revert (apparently) to "pure potentiality"? Beatrice puts into her disciple's mouth the words: "I see the water, I see the fire, the air, the earth, and all their combinations come to corruption and endure but little." She proceeds to distinguish between these as "creatures" mediately created and man immediately. But do the words put into Dante's human mouth—"come to corruption and endure but little"—mean what Mr. Wicksteed understands? Does a human being ever "see" the elements in themselves formally cease to exist? He does see them in perpetual flux and change, and this flux and change will cease when the heavens cease to be revolved; but the elements will eternally abide—each in its proper place. Indeed, Mr. Wicksteed elsewhere in the book seems to admit just this: "When the tale of saints is complete, and the whole cosmic process has achieved its work, the angelic powers will cease to revolve the heavens; the elements, no longer disturbed, will each find its perfect place of rest" (pp. 143-4). But how can they, if "they will be dissolved and they endure but a space"?

What Dante means by mediate, or secondary, creation is more sharply brought out in the second passage adduced. There Dante conceives the primary creative "ray," as, so to speak, tri-colored, symbolizing "pure act," "pure potentiality," and the mixture of both. In the plan of the universe, "pure act" held the highest place, "pure potentiality" the lowest, their mixture the middle. But Dante is careful immediately to contradict St. Jerome's opinion that a temporal interval occurred between the creation of the angels, who are "pure act," and the "other world," that into which "potentiality" enters. The angelic activity, therefore—*i. e.*, the informing of the "first matter"—is simultaneous with the creation of the angels. The informing ray, transmitted through them, penetrated instantaneously throughout the whole lower universe. There was no smallest instant of time then when matter without form existed. Supposing this analysis to be correct, if Dante departed from the Christian Aristotelian notion at all, it was only to the extent of a distinction without a difference. His position is apparently like that of St. Augustine, and af-

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ter summing up the latter, Mr. Wicksteed remarks: "But there is little real difference between Augustine and the schoolmen."

Another departure from Aquinas, according to Mr. Wicksteed, resulting in unresolved inconsistency, is Dante's conception of the true heaven as spaceless. How is that to be squared with his full acceptance of the resurrection of the material body? Verbally, indeed, there seems a puzzle! but Mr. Wicksteed himself might find a possible answer in his own words. "To Dante, if I understand him rightly," he says, "space is objective to us in our earthly state, but it is subjective to God, existing only as his thought" (p. 265). Now, in degree as the blessed become one with God, space will be subjective for them also; but such merging of the soul with God is never absolute, otherwise individuality would be lost, and personal immortality in the Christian sense impossible; so that in the degree of their blessedness spirits reunited to glorified bodies will largely transcend the limitations of space, but not entirely. In other words, the true heaven is not in itself spatial —that is, not for God; yet is spatial for its finite, though miraculously endowed, inhabitants. If we supplement Aquinas's logical acceptance of a spatial heaven by his doctrine of the miraculous gifts of the glorified body, we should arrive at a conclusion substantially similar.

Again, Mr. Wicksteed draws a sharp contrast between Dante and Aquinas in respect to their conceptions of hell. "Dante does not explain hell, though he informs it with a solemn meaning. Aquinas does not make it mean anything; but he explains it as included in the act by which God wills his own goodness" (p. 201). Doubtless Dante gives a greater dramatic significance to the infernal torments by making, symbolically, "the punishment fit the crime." His sinners get not only what they *deserve*, but what (without fully realizing it, we must admit) they *chose*. This point is well taken, but the point about explaining hell is less convincing. "Since he [Dante] has not explained it, we can treat it as a mystery. In the ineffable Presence we forget it, but we carry with us the insight we gained as we put the spirits to question 'in the deepest pool of the universe.' And when the *thought* of hell is drowned in the light of heaven, the transfigured *experience* of hell is absorbed into it" (p. 202). This seems rather ostrich-like: because a hateful thing is not looked at clearly, we forget its presence! But, in fact, Dante is far from slurring the explanation of hell. Over its gate is written: "Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love." No doubt Dante showed tact in letting it go at that; but, theologically speaking, can we treat his hell as a mystery? Is there not inescapably implied in the inscription, if not Aquinas's own explanation, another like unto it? Mr. Wicksteed seems to imply that Aquinas does wrong in attempting to justify the dogma to "the human reason and sense of fitness," but that is just Aquinas's business. He does the best he can, fully recognizing the fallibility of his human reason. Elsewhere Mr. Wicksteed indeed praises this combination of "unflinching honesty" and modesty (p. 112).

Whether or not Dante ever really stepped outside the Aquinian theology, he certainly moved most freely within it. His dramatic needs led him to endow his angels and spirits with bodies, human-like though aerial. It seems a bold invention, yet logical justification lay in Aquinas himself, who had suggested that the waxen images, by injuring which witches injured their real victims, might be regarded as vicarious bodies of the latter united to them by a bond analogous to the bond (*alligatio*) between soul and body, but temporary. Or by logical extension again Dante notably enriches Aquinas's doctrine of the Atonement, itself developed from Anselm. Urging that not only must all human nature have been represented in the Atoner, but that the act of atonement must also have been sanctioned by the authorized representative of all humanity, Dante finds in Pilate, representative of the universal Roman Empire and Roman Law, the instrument preordained for that supreme act of justice. Thus the central doctrine of the Christian faith is made to give "the ultimate rationale of the temporal as well as the spiritual evolution of history," and is fittingly expounded to Dante by the emparadised Roman Emperor and lawgiver, Justinian.

This bold and apparently original synthesis has a further significance. It is the theological climax "of Dante's persistent attempt to draw the secular life into fuller and worthier partnership with the spiritual." An interesting phase of the same attempt is the Dantesque Purgatory. For Aquinas "purgatory is a sort of cavern in the bowels of the earth, in the purlieus of hell"; for Dante it is "a sunlit hill rising out of mid-ocean at the exact antipodes of Jerusalem," and crowned by the Garden of Eden. Aquinas also (although Mr. Wicksteed does not note this fact) conceives Eden as situated on the summit of an island mountain; Dante in effect transfers purgatory to its empty slopes, probably, as Mr. E. G. Gardner has shown in his recent book, "Dante and the Mystics," taking the hint from Hugh of St. Victor. But through thus making Eden, or the state of innocence, the goal of purgatorial experience Dante is able to give an entirely new significance to that experience. By the guidance of Reason, symbolized by Virgil, and through the gift of Grace, mankind may reach again that perfect harmony with God which for some six hours Adam and Eve enjoyed before the Fall. As truly on earth as in heaven is there a paradise to be regained. When the *Veltro* shall have come to drive away the Wolf of Greed from the hearts of men, each shall be "crowned and mitred" over himself, and all in peace coöperate towards that perfect actualization of all human powers which, sanctified by faith, hope, and charity under the guidance of the Church purified, shall make this earth, as was intended in the beginning, a fit vestibule for the courts of heaven. This is Dante's most intimate message. Poet and theologian, he is most truly in the fullest Hebrew sense a prophet. Aquinas is unconcerned with any earthly and temporal paradise. He is only anxious to get souls from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, as expeditiously as possible. Only the pure in heart shall see God, and few indeed in this life achieve purity. Therefore, though one may repent *in extremis*, and be absolved, yet satisfaction to God remains to be given. Purgatory is appointed for payment of that satisfaction in the currency of pain. Taking this narrowly legal and punitive view, Aquinas might well set purgatory "in the purlieus of hell." Dante's Mount is truly sun-lit with present joy. There penitents are not resignedly "doing time," not working out fines imposed by an external judge, but eagerly embracing the merciful opportunity of cleansing their souls from the stains of earth and the past. The pain of the operation is not merely negligible, it is welcomed as a sign of thoroughness. Theirs is "an inner reversal," not, as with Aquinas, merely "an outward cancelling," of sin. And we may all climb that Mount—now and here.

This ethical contrast is probably Mr. Wicksteed's most valuable contribution, and most fully justifies the antithesis quoted at the beginning of this review. Thomist as he was, theologically speaking, Dante nevertheless gave an entire revaluation of human life on this earth, esteeming it indeed a preparation for a better life in the hereafter, but not merely that. He took the announcement of the angels—"On earth, peace to men of good will"—literally. This life is worth living—if men have the will to make it so. So saying, Dante parts company with Aquinas, to herald the Renaissance.

CURRENT FICTION.

By the Open Sea. By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Axel Borg of the present story, a man in the thirties, has been appointed superintendent of fisheries on one of the

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small islands in the Stockholm Archipelago. Like Strindberg at that age, he is a prophet without honor, his achievements having won him distinction only in foreign countries. On the island he has to combat pigheadedness and ignorance, and is settling down with much self-pity to a long grind, when that creature whom he classifies as only a short remove from the child comes to cause further disturbance—a woman. For a time the uninitiated will suspect that a pretty love-story is making, but others will observe the scientific analysis which Borg applies to even his happiest moments. When Marie smiles it is, of course, because she is about to wheedle; when she objects to his cynicism she is superstitious. As a picture of the ordinary woman's mind the description shows undeniable keenness, but in denying the value of intangible emotions, the "faint alarms," in woman, the author falls into his usual error. The reader, if not the author, may sympathize with Marie when, even after her betrothal to Borg, she turns for a momentary flirtation with a newcomer. The relief at being with a normal person might partly account for the guilty length to which the affair went.

This is not a pretty story; it is not great, though the materials of greatness are present. The main impression which it makes is one of huge waste of precious matter; and the feeling grows, as Strindberg's works continue to appear, that only perversity deprived him of the possibility of real eminence.

Hagar. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Is there to be an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in behalf of woman's suffrage? Ellen Glasgow, Elizabeth Robins, and numerous others have written earnestly for the Cause, but the fire which they struck was not overwhelming. Miss Johnston has laid new hold on the situation, and if the state of growing girls is the slavery which she describes—why, it is slavery.

Miss Johnston understands the secret—part of the secret—of artistic exaggeration: it must be logical. Examining the plight of average women to-day, she concludes that their childhood could never have held the bright happy days which one is apt to recall. If as adults they are fettered, what must have been their state of servitude as children! Ergo—some will balk at that ergo—any pitiful case of hardship may pass as typical.

Hagar, a girl of twelve when the story opens, lives on the Ashendynes' traditional estate at Gilead Balm, in Virginia. Her father, ill-mated, dwells abroad, and her mother (from whom she has inherited her mental worth!) does not long survive the cramped circumstances imposed by her husband's parents. Hagar is thus left with the germ of self-enfranchisement all but extinguished. When she is found examining Darwin's "Descent of Man," she is severely punished; an honest love-affair at boarding-school brings upon her the thunderous wrath of her Colonel grandfather; when she wins a money prize for a story, she is told that in the South the idea of women writing is deprecated.

But when her father marries again—this time a rich widow—and provides that Hagar, now a girl of twenty or more, shall live in New York, her higher development begins. Following her interests there amounts to summarizing most of the large questions of the day—literature, for she has become a distinguished novelist; settlement work, Socialism, equal rights, judicial corruption, moral filth. The last-mentioned problem is lugged in in the form of a "damaged goods" episode. At last Hagar sees the world, while travelling with her father, who has been invalided by an accident and bereft of his second wife. When he, too, dies and leaves all to Hagar, the cause of suffrage is enriched by fifty thousand or so a year. This she makes plain to the man of her choice, a bridge-builder and a late-comer on the scene: "And you're aware that I shall work on through life for the fairer social order? And that, generally speaking, the Woman Movement has me for keeps?" And at this moment of calmest betrothal Hagar remembers another duty: "Her candid eyes continued to meet his. 'I wish a child. While it needs me and when it needs me, I shall be there.'" If from a horrid beginning she developed to this, what might she not have become with a fair show! is the inference.

The Way Home. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine" (Basil King). New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a story of considerably greater dignity than its predecessors by the same author. It is still emotional, but it is less hectic, less clearly aimed at the facile responses of the gallery. The theme is as "timely" as that of Mr. Churchill's "Inside of the Cup"—and akin to it. What is modern life to do with religion—or without it? Both novelists have usurped the recognized license of the playwright in beginning with an assumption in itself slightly absurd. Mr. Churchill postulates a clergyman of naturally intellectual bent arriving at maturity without knowing anything about the modern view of dogma, and without having observed that many professing Christians are hypocrites. Problem: to enlighten him, and to suggest what a man so enlightened ought to make of himself and his world. Mr. King shows a young collegian, son of a clergyman, and destined for the church, suddenly throwing over religion as a feeble sham and determining to live for himself alone. Why? Because he suddenly perceives that Christians are selfish hypocrites. And how does he come to see this? Because the parish which has supported his worthy but unprogressive father for forty years ventures to see the need of new blood, and to make him pastor emeritus on a reduced salary!

If the reader can accept this situation, he will find it worked out with a good deal of force.

Sonnie-Boy's People. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most of the stories in this volume are of the type Mr. Connolly has accustomed us to expect. Some are distinctly better than others, but all of them make interesting reading. The title-story should be read last; it has a somewhat mawkish note, not in accordance with the virility of such companion-pieces as "In the Anchor Watch" and "The Last Passenger," the latter a story of the Titanic disaster, which stands out as a remarkable example of restraint in narration. "In the Anchor Watch" is a story of the navy, of husbands and wives parted for five long years and babies that grow up looking for fathers of the sort depicted in bust portraits, devoid of legs. Mr. Connolly knows his man-o'-war atmosphere, and one always enjoys such excursions under his guidance, save when he descends to slap-stick bathos as in "Killorin's Caribbean Days."

The Story of Waitstill Baxter. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This story is not without its strokes of wit—like this reflection of a henpecked philosopher: "A tantrum once a year's an awful upsetting kind of thing, but a tantrum every twenty-four hours is jest part of the day's work." But, on the whole, this is less enlivening than other books from the same pen. We somehow miss the effect of graceful spontaneity, the secret of which we have always regarded as this author's own particular magic. It is not that Waitstill is an uncommonly serious-minded heroine, for her younger sister Patty is sufficiently volatile to offset any possible disappointment on that score. It is not that Deacon Baxter epitomizes all the meannesses that have ever been attributed to the down-east Yankee. Stern, miserly fathers are familiar figures of comedy. But there are circumstances embodied in the story that do seriously militate against the success of the fairy-tale method.

The handicap of filial obligation under which Waitstill's lover labors is the result of a peculiar misfortune which separated his parents in his boyhood

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and left his mother mentally broken and wholly dependent upon him. The cause lay in a curious passage of local history—the strange heresies of one Jacob Cochrane, who raised with his preaching a great wave of religious fanaticism in the community, left the seeds of strange doctrines planted behind him, and even led some to forsake their homes and follow him as his disciples. Thinking of the story that might have been wrought upon this theme, we can have little appreciation to spare for the story before us. Nor would we allow that this is at all an injustice to the author's present performance, for although she has sketched in this arresting outline with the lightest possible strokes and a complete absence of sinister emphasis, she has still not succeeded in making it the inconspicuous background that a pretty picture requires. Nor, as we said before, has she herself been able in its presence to exercise her accustomed graces of execution.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Albert Howe Lybyer, Ph.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.

Though provided with two rather sketchy introductory chapters, dealing with the Turkish Empire as a whole, the origin of the Ottoman Turks and their culture, and the countries and nations subdued by them, this book is essentially a monograph on the organization of the government in the time of Suleiman the Magnificent. This governmental organization was divided into two parts: what Dr. Lybyer calls the Ruling Institution, corresponding, as much as may be, to our State, and the Moslem Institution, with a similar correspondence to our Church. Five chapters are devoted to the former and only one to the latter.

Suleiman's reign, of almost half a century (1520-66), represents the complete development of the Ottoman ideal and its fullest success; and it is from his reign first that we have sufficiently detailed records to render possible the reconstruction of this most remarkable institution. The Ottoman Empire of Suleiman was an absolute despotism, ruling free Moslems and subject unbelievers by an army and a court of abducted and in general forcibly converted Christian slaves; a despotism in which wealth and rank were conferred by the Sultan, not on the free-born natives of the country, but on enslaved foreigners, a Moslem Empire in which free-born Moslem citizens were excluded from the opportunities of advancement in military and governmental careers. No more singular institution has ever been developed. Indeed, it seems incredible that a great state could have been created by such a means, and yet, in point of fact, in Suleiman's time the Ottoman Empire was probably better governed, better organized, and better educated than any part of Europe.

A certain number of Christian slaves were acquired each year by the Sultan as tribute, by capture or by purchase. By a careful system of training and education of body and of mind they were prepared for various functions: soldiers, constituting the kernel of the army (Janissaries and Spahis); officers, commanding the native levies; administrators, filling all the offices of state from grand vizier downward; personal attendants to the Sultan in all sorts of capacities. These slaves, however high they might rise, however great the wealth they might acquire, possessed no rights except such as were given to them personally by the Sultan, which, as they were all his slaves, still belonged to him. They could not hand down their rank or even their slaveship, if one may so put it, to their children. Made Moslems, the children born to them could not be slaves, but became part of the free Moslem citizenship of the empire. The free Moslem citizens held the offices of the church and, as law was part of the church, the offices of the law. The law, however, the great unchangeable traditional law of Islam, was theoretically greater than the Sultan, which, if he broke, he might be deposed. This was the Moslem Institution, as over against the Ruling Institution of the Sultan and his slaves (*kullar*).

The two institutions, each having the Sultan as its head, were thus in curious conflict. The well-being of the state depended upon the equilibrium of the two. Suleiman's reign represents the time when the Ruling Institution had been developed to its fullest power and the two conflicting elements were at equilibrium. Incidentally, the exposition of the system shows its inherent weakness. It had reached its climax in Suleiman's reign, in the same sense that French despotism reached its climax in the time of Louis XIV. The wealth, the splendor, the extravagance, the very conquests of Suleiman prepared the downfall of the system.

Of the later decay of the system the writer has little to say, as he has little to say, and that not altogether satisfactory, of its origin and development. In an appendix he seeks to compare, but with confessedly inadequate material, the government and the constitution of the contemporary and kindred Mogul Empire in India with the Ottoman Empire under Suleiman, a comparison which, if imperfect, is nevertheless extremely interesting.

This monograph is a development from Dr. Lybyer's thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy at Harvard University. It gained the Toppan prize, as we are informed in the preface, and is now published as Volume XVIII in the Harvard Historical Studies. The author is professor of European history at Oberlin College. Because it deals with Turkey and Ottoman institutions, the work seems to have a special timeliness. In point of fact, however, the Ruling Institution, the slave despotism, here described, vanished long ago, the last remains of it having been abolished with the destruction of the Janissaries by Mahmud II, in 1826. At that time the Moslem Institution achieved its final predominance. By its attitude towards the *Sheri*, or sacred law, as a finality, incapable of progress or development, it has condemned itself, in spite of the great achievements of the past, to barrenness, decay, and death. It is the chapter dealing with the Moslem Institution which is timely, and it is the principles of that institution, as there set forth, which make those who would really like to see a reformation of the Turkish Empire despair. There seems no outlook, except a revolution which shall utterly overturn the system on which the Moslem Institution is founded.

Arbella Stuart: A Biography. By B. C. Hardy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Princess and Queen of England: Life of Mary II. By Mary F. Sandars. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 net.

To the rapidly increasing mass of Stuart literature these two substantial volumes bring reinforcement. Each author, curiously and perhaps appropriately enough, has already made a trial flight in foreign, which is to say, French airs; the one in a biography of the Princess de Lamballe, the other—strange combination!—in studies of Balzac, Lauzun, and Louis XVIII. Each has now produced a thick volume of more than three hundred and fifty pages; and both have confessedly relied on the scholarly work of others for the bulk of their material. Moreover, both have written "sympathetically."

Many years ago Walter Bagehot described this sort of work with much truth and more humor. History, he wrote, whatever its uses in the abstract, is certainly of great use relatively and to literary men. Consider a man of that species. He sits beside a library fire with nice white paper, a good pen, a capital style—every means of saying everything, but nothing to say . . . one cannot always have original ideas. Every day cannot be an era; a train of speculation very often will not be found. . . . What a gain if something would happen! then one could describe it. Something has happened and *that something is history.* On this account, since a sedate Greek discovered this plan for a grave immortality, a series of accomplished men have seldom been found want-

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ing to derive a literary capital from their active kindred.

Even supposing it has all been set forth before, all investigated, material exhausted, nothing new to tell; even so one need not hesitate, much less despair, for generations change, every quarter of a century or so a new buying public appears, always readier, apparently, to purchase a new book, whatever its quality, than to read an old one, however good.

All this is perhaps not wholly fair to the authors of these two volumes—but it is not wholly unfair. All, or nearly all, they have written has been said before, a good deal of it certainly as well if not so gracefully or sympathetically, nor embodied in such attractive form. One cannot but wonder whether if Miss Cooper, and in particular Mrs. Murray Smith, who did the research on Arbella Stuart, had not written, the present author of the unhappy Princess's life would ever have produced this or any similar book. From this standpoint Miss Sandars has more defence, for, though she has relied very largely on Doebner and Kraemer and Countess Bentinck, Klopp, Macaulay, and others less known, she has been fortunate enough to have access to unpublished correspondence between Queen Mary and Lady Bathurst. This, though it adds little that is new or important, has some interest and affords corroborative evidence of matters known hitherto only from Dutch sources, while her book has the additional interest of reproductions from contemporary prints and portraits in private collections, as well.

In short, what we have here is a more recent account of the Princess Arbella, superior only in form to its predecessor, and the fullest and best life of Queen Mary in English. For each we may return a measure of thanks, tempered by the reflection that there are two more sturdy volumes to be taken account of, and enlivened by one good anecdote—the command laid on the dramatist, Crone, to write a masque for the young Stuart princesses in the form of "a clean, decent, and inoffensive play on the story of a rape."

English Epic and Heroic Poetry. By W. Macneile Dixon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

"On the whole our scholars write better, and seem to keep closer to the work of art they study, than the Americans, who are prone to relapse, in protest against the glare of their popular style, into a decent and whity-brown academic diction." These rankling words may be found on page 137 of "Modern Studies," a substantial and stimulating volume put forth in 1907 by Oliver Elton, professor of English literature in the University of Liverpool. The sting of the comparison for American scholars may be mitigated but hardly removed by reference to the preceding paragraph in which our scientifically trained investigators are commended for their "clear and strict method, fresh digging, sober statement, and real progress."

These passages recurred to the reviewer's mind as he laid down the work of Professor Dixon (University of Glasgow) and considered how differently an American professor in good standing would have performed the task. From one of our men we should expect, in the first place, an elaborate classification of the "types" of epic and heroic poetry, and a rigorous subordination of the individual poet to the type. We should expect, also, a diligent—so far as possible, an exhaustive—discussion of the English and Continental sources and analogues of all the important specimens. We should expect to find the pages dense with dates and chronological problems and strange new names and titles of old forgotten poems, freshly dug from the grave of oblivion. We should expect our attention to be directed in an emphatic manner to the historical significance of this new material. We should not expect the author to betray any personal feeling, except that perhaps he might remark in passing that the death of Beowulf is "finer than anything in Homer." The result would be a "contribution to knowledge." We should not expect any one to read it. But it would be "invaluable as a work of reference." Perhaps, however, we ought to add that we do not think at this moment of any one of our men in good standing who would undertake to deal in this thoroughgoing scientific fashion with "Beowulf" and Spenser, Layamon and Cowley, Milton and Blackmore, Glover and William Morris.

In our academic sense, Professor Dixon's book is not notably "contributive." It utilizes some of the "spade work" of recent years, but gives little evidence of that "fresh digging" and "strict method" for which our men have been praised. It is quite readable from beginning to end, even when it treats of the great dead epic monsters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is as much criticism as history, and it is written—let us quote Professor Elton again—in the recognition "that criticism is at last a fine art like friendship, and requires color and personality." It is, in brief, the sort of book that we do well to leave to our English friends across the water. For Professor Dixon's strength lies not in his curiosity and industry but in his taste and judgment. He is less interested in the evolution of *genres* than in the persistence of the spirit of poetry through all *genres*. He keeps close to the work that he is studying, asking of each: Is this poetry? What are its special virtues? How does it rank with other works of similar character? How does it stand the highest tests? Baptized and confirmed in the classic faith, moving through the highways and byways of English narrative verse, with the "Iliad" in his ear and in his heart, he constrains us through the whole course, from "Beowulf" to "Sohrab and Rustum," to keep in mind the form and feeling and style of the great classics.

Let us continue our thesis by illustration. We should not expect our scientific American student of the epic to divine that "The Faerie Queene" is "the fruit of solitude and long stretches of solitude," nor to call it a "picture-book of the spiritual life," nor to attempt any such characterization of it as follows:

> Knighthood is his theme. But while his contemporary, Cervantes, *"smiled Spain's chivalry away,"* and noted with melancholy Castilian humor how remote and impossible its ideals had become in a world grown practical and materialistic, while the Italians, like Ariosto, viewed the old order as a man might view the games of children and consent to play them for the amusement of his leisure, Spenser believed the Middle Ages had seized, by a kind of divine instinct, upon a portion of eternal truth, surely divine and enduring. The ideals of chivalry he separated from the actual age that gave them birth, in which they had never, indeed, been more than counsels of perfection, and set forth the celestial pattern as a thing of unceasing worth. It is his peculiar, his crowning glory that he, beyond all other poets, or for that matter, philosophers, perceived the splendor of that immense structure of mediæval idealism, perceived beyond orders of knighthood, courts of love, crusades and quests and mysteries the true import of the visionary scheme.

Still less should we expect our "whity-brown" academic historian—supposing him to have seen the "crowning glory" of Spenser—to execute a critical return like this:

> Spenser is inconclusive. Nothing really happens in his poem, nothing is done. "The Faerie Queene" is like a labyrinthine flower, whose unfolding we can watch, or a liquid evening sky upon which, as we gaze, the magic rose appears, to glow and fade. If this be a national epic, it celebrates no national undertaking or achievement. No foundation is laid of city or state, no *imperium* established, no Ilion besieged, no Jerusalem captured. It would seem as if we had here a poem typical of the inconclusiveness of all romance, beginning nowhere and leading nowhere; it would seem as if the poetry of romance must logically end in a preference for the dream to the act; must, like the youthful Keats when he cried,
>
> Hence, pageant history, hence gilded cheat!
>
> look upon events as so far and no farther of interest or importance than as matter for the poet's vision. Then romance is parasitic and the antithesis of epic. For epic values the act, as drama values it, knowing that in the act, and not in the emotion which may accompany it, the prompting of the god appears.

The sustained interest of Professor

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Dixon's work arises from the continuous presence in it of that un-American thing—an idea. We have seen how he applies it to the study of Spenser. Here are three other applications of it:

> Take what side you prefer in such a debate, the infirmity of narrative poetry in the last century—who can be unaware of it?—is the infirmity which springs from the insistent, overwhelming presence of the artist in his work. Whether we take Byron or Keats, Tennyson or Browning, the reader never escapes the poet.
>
> He [Scott] only in the century to which he belonged desired passionately and sincerely to display an age and a society rather than himself, and in his eagerness to revive it surrendered, as it were, consciousness of his own personality.
>
> Who now among the poets puts himself to school with Milton? To-day we have with us the ritual of the soul and its sorrows—"the dialogue of the mind with itself has commenced"; we have the wistful speculation, the vague desire, the frail wayward charm, the delicate nuance, the dim half-tones, "an exquisite faintness, *une fadeur exquise.*" To the *poésie intime* they belong and you prefer them, *le naïf*, the strange, the subtle; you prefer the enchanted reverie.
>
> You object that the beauty of "Paradise Lost" is outward, not shy, modest, sheltered, elusive, pensive. What you say, however, is true also of the Parthenon.

Diary: 1818-73. By Lady Frances Shelley. Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgecombe. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The second volume of Lady Shelley's diary is more interesting, in some ways, than the first. It is the journal of a mature woman who has not lost the enthusiasm of her girlhood, and who is daily thrown with some of the greatest persons of her time. The earlier volume, it will be recalled, was in large part a record of her devotion for the Duke of Wellington. Though happily married to an amiable man, the fervor of her feeling was for the hero of Waterloo. Much of the present volume is taken up with him also. For many years Lady Shelley could (and did) boast herself among his most intimate friends. Lady Wellington was impossible, and the Duke, if not quite a philanderer, was fond of pretty women, and depended on them for much. In the correspondence with the Duke here reprinted there are a hundred allusions to another married woman with whom the Duke's relation was even closer. She is spoken of as "the Tyrant"; the Duke complains, with somewhat heavy-handed facetiousness, of her exactions and her jealousy, and Lady Shelley pretends in turn to commiserate him, and to envy "la Tyranna." Lady Shelley survived her, but was destined to lose the Duke's friendship. The incident may fairly be called the tragedy of her life. The Duke had written a long and detailed letter on England's weakness in coast defence. The letter was addressed to a subordinate, and was intended to be confidential. The subordinate showed it to Lady Shelley, and she made the fatal mistake of fancying that the interests of the Duke and of the country would be served by widening the circle of its readers. The matter comes to the ears of the Duke, and he is furious. His letters to the poor lady are fairly brutal in their scorn and resentment, and no pleas for forgiveness move him. After some time his resentment seems to have cooled, but the intimacy was never resumed on the old footing. Nevertheless, as in her girlhood she had worshipped him as the greatest man that had ever lived, so on his death she laments him as the greatest and best of men.

Lady Shelley was not given to indiscriminate idol-worship. In the year 1819 there are some amusing entries about Sir Walter Scott, then famous as a poet, but hardly as yet suspected in connection with the Waverley novels. After dining with the Scotts she writes: "The only drawback to Scott's society is his wife, who is universally acknowledged to be the greatest bore in Europe. Scott himself speaks with a tiresome drawl. This gives a monotony to his voice which, like the drone of a bagpipe, provokes a yawn, even when one is amused by what he is narrating." Presently the conversation, which was general, turned on "Waverley" and the Scotch novels. "I ventured to say," writes the diarist on the following day, "that, in my opinion, their heroes and heroines are for the most part insipid, and that sufficient justice had not been done to the female characterization. Scott said that the fault was probably due to the author's fear of being charged with immorality; he therefore made his characters as blameless as possible."

The passage leads one to turn to Lockhart, where are several mentions of the Shelleys at about this date. Scott values Sir John for his knowledge of horseflesh (he was long famous on the turf), and—"I like his lady very much. She is perfectly feminine in her manners, has good sense, and plays divinely on the harp; besides all which, she shoots wild boars, and is the boldest horsewoman I ever saw." Of Shelley the poet, a cousin of Sir John's, Lady Shelley makes casual mention from time to time, but with no evidences of pride in him as a person or a poet. The great world in which the Shelleys moved was in another system than "young Bysshe Shelley's" world of dreams.

Half-Lengths. By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is another volume in a series which opened with the admirable "Collections and Recollections" of fifteen years ago. Inexhaustible seem Mr. Russell's reminiscences, mingled with criticism, of British men and events during the nineteenth century. And no wonder; for Mr. Russell, a grandson of the Duke of Bedford and a grandnephew of Lord John, inherited two generations of memories, political and social traditions, and the great Whig gospel. To these he has himself added rich stores, derived partly from personal experience and partly from wide reading. In this volume he draws a contrast between Newman and Manning which reveals afresh the tragedy of Newman's disillusion and the truculence of Manning's curialized zeal. It would be difficult to quote a single passage in which Newman is more keenly analyzed than the following:

> Newman was too much of an Idealist. He idealized the Calvinism in which he had been brought up, but soon found that it was hopelessly inadequate to the demands of the intellect and the broad facts of human life; and in his reaction from it he went perilously near the ways of thought which a few years later were stigmatized as Liberalism. When he adopted the Tractarian position, he idealized the Anglican Bishops; and the dissipation of that ideal by contact with Episcopal realities is the history of his submission to Rome. As a Roman Catholic he found even larger and more promising scope for Idealism, and disillusionments even profounder and more grievous. That to the end he idealized the Church of Rome—"the one oracle of truth and the one ark of salvation"—I cannot doubt, but he soon ceased to idealize Roman Bishops as he had before ceased to idealize their Anglican brethren; and to these must be added Cardinals, and Jesuits, and politicians, and editors, and, in short, all the agents by which the Church of Rome does its practical work.

Mr. Russell also contributes considerable sketches of the eighth Duke of Devonshire (Lord Hartington); of the first Lord Coleridge, "the most interesting" of the "great" men whom the author has known; and of Labouchere. The last is the freshest and most entertaining, and this sample note from Labby to Russell, when the latter was remonstrating against *Truth's* strictures on the Gladstone Administration in 1892, will show its quality:

> My dear Russell—Never be drawn. Let a licentious and scurrilous Press say what it likes, and sit tight. . . . My radicalism goes to the utter destruction of the aristocracy. So, of course, I call attention to young patricians, and compare them with those children of the people, [H. P.] Cobb and [F. A.] Channing. This is involved in being on the side of destruction.

On these longer memoirs there follow fifteen "miniatures" of persons as unlike as the Duchess of Buccleuch and Adelaide Procter, Lord Kimberley, Henry Kingsley, and Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. Papers on Cambridge and Oxford, and slighter *causeries* on a doz-

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en miscellaneous topics, complete the volume, which has, so far as monologues can have, much of the charm of mellow conversation.

Notes

On Friday of this week Putnams will bring out "The Lure of the Little Drum," a story of India by Margaret Peterson; "Collected Poems" of Grace Denio Litchfield, and as Volume VII of the work "A History of England," by various authors, "England Since Waterloo, 1815-1900," by J. A. R. Marriott.

"The Story of Helga," which has been translated by Adèle Lewisohn and will be published by Dutton in November, is by Rudolph Herzog, one of the most widely read novelists in Germany.

Macmillans have in preparation "The Stranger at the Gate," a novel by Mabel Osgood Wright.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow's "Social Insurance" will be issued the first of next month by Holt.

Among the books which Houghton Mifflin will have ready next week are the following: "A Life of Harrison Gray Otis," by Samuel Eliot Morison; "A Little Book of Modern Verse," edited by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "Hawthorne and his Publisher," by Caroline Ticknor; "The Greatest Books in the World," by Laura Spencer Portor; "Our Common Road," by Agnes Edwards, and "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," written by his sister, Elisabeth Du Quesne Van Gogh, and translated by Katherine S. Dreier.

Mosher reprints include this season: "Songs of Adieu"; "The Growth of Love," by Robert Bridges; "Dreamthorp," by Alexander Smith; "Andromache," a play in three acts, by Gilbert Murray; "From the Upanishads," by Charles Johnston; "Songs from an Italian Garden," by A. Mary F. Robinson; "The Lyric Garland," and "The Pierrot of the Minute," a dramatic phantasy by Ernest Dowson.

On the day last week when the new group of buildings was dedicated at Princeton the University Press brought out a slender volume by Dean West on "The Graduate College of Princeton," in which the purpose of the resident graduate school is set forth with, as the subtitle properly adds, "some reflections on the humanizing of learning." Illustrations of Thomson College, Procter Hall, and the Cleveland Memorial Tower have been furnished by John P. Cuyler. It is an attractive memorial volume, but neither the Dean nor the Press should have allowed two wrong French accents on a single page.

The Oxford University Press has added to its cheaper editions the "Poems and Translations of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," including all his work in this field published between 1850 and 1870, and also the prose story, "Hand and Soul." As in all the volumes of the series the print is clear.

The Oxford Press has also taken over the Snowy River series, which was formerly issued by Penfield & Co., of Sydney, and Angus & Robertson, of London. Two of the Australian volumes that now come to us are "Hearts of Gold," by Will H. Ogilvie, and "The Poetical Works of Brunton Stephens."

A novel, interesting, and useful pamphlet has been prepared and published by Frances Ellis Sabin, head of the department of Latin in the Oak Park & River Forest Township High School, with the assistance of Loura B. Woodruff. It is called "The Relation of Latin to Practical Life," and is designed to show teachers how they may make "an exhibit which shall answer in concrete form the high-school boy's question, 'What's the use of Latin?'" To this end a large amount of information is brought together displaying the infinite ramifications of the classics in the languages and literatures and ways of thinking and acting of modern peoples. Together with this information, surprising in its variety, methods are given for presenting the matter graphically and pictorially to the doubting pupil. We commend the little handbook to those who are concerned in the question at issue.

"Education and Ethics" (Macmillan), by Emile Boutroux, translated by Fred Rothwell, consists of four lectures on the principal types of ethics and four on educational subjects, given at various times before the pupils of the Fontenay Training School for Teachers. Not precisely weighty, they are "familiar and homely chats" which reflect a delightful personality whose words are always inspiring and often impressive. Nothing could be finer than the author's repeated warning that the first duty of the teacher to the pupil is honesty. For him the embodiment of all dishonesty in education is—pedagogy. Pedagogy is a system of devices for stimulating the interest of the pupil upon false grounds. The only true ground is the intrinsic interest of the subject and its value to the child; and the genius of the teacher is shown in his ability to recommend his subjects upon precisely this ground. But no teacher can do this who is not master of his subject and who does not sincerely believe in the value of what he has to teach. So much for "The Motives of Study." The lecture on "Reading Aloud" is worth reading if only to appreciate the author's enthusiasm for the rhythmic beauties of his French tongue. Apart from this, it is an important lesson in the significance of style. The pedagogical theory of reading which is just now fashionable with us holds that the art of reading consists in the ability to cover the greatest space in the shortest time. This is "education for efficiency." To the victims of this desolating efficiency we recommend M. Boutroux on "Reading Aloud."

The second volume of "Cicero's Letters to Atticus" in the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) maintains the character of the first. The translation, by E. O. Winstedt, is on the whole satisfactory, though it cannot be said to succeed always in transferring the subtler qualities of the original, whether formal or familiar, to the English language. For example, the attempt to convey the familiarity of the clause, "qui illos libros devorasti" (p. 20), is manifest in the version, "you devourer of those books of mine," but the result does not indicate much feeling for English idiom. Such awkwardnesses, however, are not common enough to be very annoying. On the whole, Mr. Winstedt has shown a good deal of ingenuity in using French phrases for Cicero's Greek. But it is unfortunate that twice he should write *à l'outrance* for *à outrance*. The period embraced in this volume (Books vii to xi) carries us through the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar and the fall of the Republic. It would be ridiculous to try in such a note as this to characterize the letters themselves or to say anything of their marvellous exhibition of many phases of human character; but we may promise any one who has a remnant of Latin left that with this volume in his hand he may give himself such a treat as few things in literature can afford.

We have now the completed four volumes of the Loeb Library containing "Appian's Roman History" with the English translation by Mr. Horace White. A note conveys the information that the third and fourth volumes have been revised and prepared for the press by E. Iliff Robson, of Christ's College, Cambridge, but as the nature and amount of the revision are not indicated, we are justified in giving to Mr. White the credit for what is on the whole an admirable piece of work. Appian's Greek is ordinarily clear and straightforward, and these qualities have been well caught in the translation. The chief difficulty was to find English sentence forms equivalent to the piled-up participial phrases which are the curse of Greek in its later stage; in meeting this difficulty the translator has been eminently successful. We may commend Appian's vivid and human story of the Civil Wars as admirable parallel reading with Cicero's letters. But we cannot refrain from adding that in some details this edition of Appian calls for sharp criticism. The printing of the Greek is altogether too careless and has admitted a vexatious number of misprints. In this particular Appian has suffered more than any other Greek author in the Library with which we are familiar.

In another and even more important matter the volumes of Appian sin in company with their Greek companions. Let us say it without qualification, the typography and paper used in most of the Greek authors are detestable. For this we assume the general editor, Mr. T. E. Page, is to be blamed, unless we must carry the quest further, even to the generous patron of the enterprise. However that be, the person or persons responsible should know that the usefulness of these publications is seriously impaired by their form, for, after all, it is more important to keep one's eyes in one's head than to read Greek. One improvement is obviously needed and easily obtained. By including fewer pages in a volume a paper might be used which would permit of a clear impression. For example, the volume of Cicero now before us runs to 439 pages, whereas the fourth volume of Appian goes to 567. A better font of Greek type could be used (compare, for instance, the Loeb volumes with the Oxford texts), and better printing insisted on. If Mr. Heinemann, the responsible London publisher, cannot command better work, there are plenty of other publishers here, as well as in England, who would see that the manufacture was properly managed. If the flimsiness and poorness of the books are

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due to a need for economy, then the scope of the enterprise had better be reduced and the quality improved. The Latin volumes are notably more satisfactory in form than the Greek.

The subject of the monograph "The Life of Robert Toombs" (Macmillan), by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, was an able and picturesque Georgian. He was born in 1810 and came to manhood just when his State was mad for State rights in connection with the Cherokee question. He disliked Jackson and became a Whig. He was a fluent and able debater and was well informed. He entered Congress in 1845, when the Wilmot proviso was about to open the last stage of the slavery controversy, and served until 1861. Like other Whigs, he opposed the early pro-slavery agitation and accepted the compromise of 1850; but he approved the Kansas-Nebraska act, joined the Democratic party in 1855, and followed the extreme Southerners as rapidly as could be expected from a man who had an unusual sense of his own dignity. He was mentioned for the Confederate Presidency, became Secretary of State, and resigned his office to be a brigadier-general. After the war he refused to ask for amnesty and died an unpardoned Confederate. To write a satisfactory life of such a man demands wide knowledge and scholarship. Professor Phillips has shown himself well fitted for the task. He is an authority on Georgia history; he has the scientific spirit, and he has the touch of an able historian. The book is an agreeable and valuable contribution to the history of the great sectional controversy.

Professor Phillips does not, however, undertake to discuss Toombs's shortcomings, and the distinguished Georgian had some deficiencies. His speeches, even those his biographer finds very able, are unpleasantly subjective. They abound in "I" and "we." They are always forceful and deal with many subjects, but they do not always show careful study of facts; *e. g.*, the assertion (p. 149) that "the protective Whigs" desired "no more revenue than the economical wants of the government required, and in levying that revenue to discriminate for our infant industries." Toombs was too much of an individualist to work harmoniously with others. He could not be content as a Secretary of State to follow Jefferson Davis, and became a brigadier-general five months after he entered the Cabinet. As an army officer, he displayed courage on the battlefield, but he chafed in the intervals between battles and criticised the conduct of the war openly. He opposed the accepted policy of restricting cotton production and defied the execution of the law. When the war was over, he washed his hands of the problems of restoration and did not try to build up what he had done so much to destroy. Honest in public life, bold in uttering his views, he was nevertheless an egoist, and he had the shortcomings of an egoist. All this appears in Professor Phillips's excellent narrative, but the reader is left to find it for himself. Perhaps it would have been better if some careful balancing of good and bad characteristics had been made by the author.

Dr. William S. Stevens's recent work on "Industrial Combinations and Trusts" (Macmillan), though one of the least pretentious publications on that subject, is most useful. There is a refreshing absence of polemics, the author being obviously of the opinion that what the reader desires is facts. Dr. Stevens, in short, furnishes the Trust theorist with all the tools he needs and leaves him to use them in accordance with his common sense. By so doing he has earned the gratitude of busy persons, who are unable, by their own efforts, to keep their office and library filing cases adequately supplied with the proper records of industry, the enactments of legislation, and the decisions of courts. He provides us with typical pooling contracts, with the agreements on which certain representative Trusts were founded, with various enactments showing the character of legislative opposition to the Trust, and with citations indicating the nature of the judicial attack. All this, however, but faintly indicates the wealth of perfectly authenticated information. If anything has been said or done relative to the formation of Trusts or to the course which they should conceivably be made to follow in the future, the reader will be likely to find a record of it here. He will keep the book near at hand, in company with his dictionary, his Statesman's Year Book, his Poor's Manual, and other works of frequent reference.

In its Camden Third Series the Royal Historical Society continues to issue volumes of variety and interest relating to aspects of British history. Following the publication of the Register of John of Gaunt (Vol. XXI), two new volumes have appeared (Vols. XXII and XXIII, London, office of the Society), one containing the official diary of Lieut.-Gen. Adam Williamson, deputy lieutenant of the Tower, 1722-1747, and the other extracts from the archives of the Marquess of Bute relating to English merchants and the Spanish Inquisition in the Canaries during the years from 1586 to 1594. The value and novelty of the material thus rendered into print and the large number of similar inedited documents that are known to exist, awaiting publication, give to English history a special charm for the student. England has always excelled in the number of her serial publications established especially for the issue of manuscripts and edited texts. Among these serial issues that of the Camden Society, now for some years united with the Royal Historical Society, holds a high place. Its third series has reached the twenty-third volume and enough material is at present in the hands of editors to meet the demands of three or four years to come.

Gen. Williamson's diary has for a frontispiece the admirably clear drawing of the Tower and its liberties, made for the information of the Privy Council, by order of Lord Dartmouth, major-general of the Ordnance, between 1681 and 1689. The plan had already been reproduced by the Society of Antiquaries in the fourth volume of its well-known *Vetusta Monumenta*. The diary itself is of some importance for the career and idiosyncrasies of Williamson, who had served under Marlborough, and more for the history of the Tower, at a not unimportant period. It presents also a view of some contemporary events from a new point of view. In general, however, its value is rather antiquarian and biographical than historical, though in an appendix of notes, filling nearly half the volume, John Charles Fox, a master of the Supreme Court and the editor, has gathered a large mass of useful information and has printed many supplemental documents, chiefly relating to Jacobite movements and prisoners during the dates of the volume. The volume of "Canary Inquisitions" forms a kind of appendix to Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain," though only such parts of the Inquisition Records have been printed as concern English merchants during the period of the Spanish wars in Elizabeth's reign. The extracts are interesting not only from the religious but also from the commercial point of view, as affording an instance of the difficulty Governments have in repressing trade, when the general interest of the traders is against them. The text, in Spanish with an English translation, is of importance for the history of early English commercial ventures in Africa and the West Indies.

As illustrating the treasures of the muniment rooms of England, attention may be called to the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on Manuscripts in Various Collections, the latest volume of which, the eighth, has just come to hand (Wyman & Sons, volume seven not yet issued). In these volumes, the publication of which was begun in 1901, have been calendared the manuscripts of forty-two corporations, chapters, and private persons, all of which throw light, and some a flood of light, on phases of the history of England. The eighth volume contains calendars of the manuscripts of the Hon. Frederick Lindley Wood, M. L. S. Clements, Esq., and S. Philip Unwin, Esq. The first is particularly rich in the section dealing with the rebellion of 1745, forming an almost continuous narrative of events from the eve of Prestonpans to the morrow of Culloden. Though the papers do not modify or even materially add to our knowledge of the '45, they do furnish a number of fresh and interesting details and serve to correct sundry small misconceptions. The most interesting portion of the second series concerns the Irish and English Parliaments of Charles I, and includes a manuscript journal of the Irish House of Lords for the period 1640-1641, which contains a number of passages not to be found in the printed edition or elsewhere. The third series describes two diaries of a weaver, John Bufton, at Coggeshall in Essex, recounting events of the last half of the seventeenth century. The contents of the second diary, containing certain guild rules and other similar details, has been printed very nearly in full.

"Deck sports filled up another day. An extremely unpleasant young woman with a horse-laugh carried all before her, and once we saw three birds and a seal" (H. Frank Wallace's "The Big Game of Central and Western China," Duffield). When, in an opening chapter, one finds sentences and sentiments such as these, stylistic and personal prejudices tempt one to close the book. Mr. Wallace is unhappy in tact and in expression until he reaches the scene of his hunting grounds in central China. Here we cease to skip and find interesting facts and good diction. His description of a native Chinese hotel is excellent, though it can be fully appreciated

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only by those who have experienced its sights, endured its dirt, and sensed its odors. His enthusiastic eulogy of Hwashan, the flower mountain, makes good reading: "Wild thyme and sweet-scented, star-like jasmine perfumed the air, and on the emerald banks, little scarlet lilies made crimson spashes. Indian pinks nestled by the pathway, and over all lay the solemn, inspiring stillness of a mountain." The central purpose of the book is confined to a very few chapters, those relating directly to the big game. Of each group of animals we find an excellent summary of appearance, life, and habits, followed by a detailed account of the stalking and procuring of the game written in a manner to delight the hearts of all sportsmen. Among the more important of these wild creatures are such rare and interesting types as the takin, the Kansu wild sheep, and wapiti; the white-maned serow, Lord Bedford's roe-deer, and the Mongolian gazelle.

Eight takins, one of the least-known of large mammals, were in sight one day, three bulls, three cows, and two calves. Two of the bulls were sparring, while the calves were frisking among the rocks. A stalk was decided upon, and an hour and a half later the hunters reached the summit of the mountain, an altitude of eleven thousand or twelve thousand feet:

The ascent was very similar to the country over which we had already come. In the saddles, open grassy patches. Leaning on the stunted larches which bordered the edge of these little glades rested long roof poles and coffin boards, for the country swarmed with woodcutters. No tree was of any size, for in a country where fuel is precious, every large tree, with a happy disregard for the future, is chopped down and cast into the fire. Others are sliced into coffin boards and carried down the hillside on men's backs, and so by mule to Sian-fu. Replanting is unheard of, and to exemplify the deforestation of the hillsides, the first remark a Chinaman will make on seeing any well-timbered country which is new to him is, "Ah, there are some good roof poles!" or "What splendid coffin boards!" according as he is of an optimistic or a pessimistic turn of mind.

The remainder of the adventure deals with the actual stalk. The remarkable ability of the author to detach his mind from the excitement of slaughter of the animals to a comprehensive consideration of the environment is an example which a host of writers upon sport might follow. It gives to the volume an interest which holds almost any type of reader, while the careful, detailed observations of the animals themselves make the book a valuable addition to science—the new field-science which is so necessary now that mankind is so rapidly inheriting the earth and elbowing off the splendid beasts which have evolved with him through the ages. The pencil sketches of the author and many photographs round out these notes. A map clarifies the route and the position of the larger Chinese towns; three appendices treat respectively of field measurements, etc., estimate of expenses, and tables of distances and stages, while an excellent index facilitates instant reference to all the subjects of interest.

Brentano's has brought out in an edition uniform with the recently republished novel, "Spring Days," George Moore's "Impressions and Opinions," which made its first appearance in 1891. The author adds a couple of new articles and a preface, in which he suggests that the two volumes may now be laid "upon a satinwood table, while the reader dozes or lies back to consider whether he prefers our earlier to our later style." There can really be no question that "Hail and Farewell," the three-volume work on which he is now engaged, exhibits him in a more silken, clinging, stylistic garment than this early collection of criticisms. In compensation, "Impressions and Opinions" is addressed less exclusively to those who are enamoured with the supple personality of the writer and who share his languid disdain for all things English save the works of George Moore. In 1891, Moore was a young man, an aggressive æsthete, a hater of commerce and convention, charged with fresh memories of French art and letters, eager to make his mark, writing with something of the precision, vividness, and tang of Hazlitt finishing off Gifford or distilling the conversation of authors. His truculent assault upon "our dramatists and their literature" and his papers in behalf of a free theatre may still be relished. The articles on Balzac and Turgueneff show the insight and intense appreciation of a fellow novelist who has passionately studied these masters to steal the secret of their technical triumphs. But the prize pieces, we should say, are My Impressions of Zola, Meissonier and the Salon Julian, and Degas. Here, as distinguished from the filmy caricatures of "Hail and Farewell," we find an earnest and incisive definition of the talents in question, and full length portraits, drawn from the life, a little harshly outlined, perhaps, but brilliant, speaking, and permanent. Mr. Moore has put a sentence into his preface which he hopes we will quote—why not indulge him? When he was "sinking in a flood of public disfavor caused by 'Spring Days' . . . 'Impressions and Opinions,' like a big Newfoundland dog, dived after him and brought him to shore."

Members of the Gesellschaft für Typenkunde des XV. Jahrhunderts have recently received three very interesting issues, 1912: 3, and 1913: 1 and 2. The first named is accompanied by an index of Cologne printers, referring to type-facsimile sheets edited by Ernst Voulliéme and published in several earlier issues. (A separate title page for these sheets accompanied the double number 1912: 1-2.) The same issue, and 1913: 1, contain facsimile reproductions from Augsburg and Ulm printers, edited by Dr. Voulliéme, and of Leipzig printers, edited by Konrad Haebler, as well as of printers from smaller cities. 1913: 3 is exclusively the work of Victor Madsen, of Copenhagen, and gives specimens of the work of a number of Italian, chiefly Venetian, printers, from the collections in the Royal Library of Copenhagen. In addition to these regular publications, the Society this year has distributed among its members some original leaves from fragments of incunabula placed at its disposal for the purpose.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, writer, and lecturer on American history at the University of Wisconsin, died on Wednesday of last week at his home in Madison. He was born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1853, and received a common-school education. He took a course at Yale in post-graduate work in 1874, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1904. In 1886 he became secretary and superintendent of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. For ten years he was managing editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal*. Among the books published by Mr. Thwaites are: "Down Historic Waterways," "The Story of Wisconsin," "The Colonies, 1492-1750," "On the Storied Ohio," and "Original Journals of Lewis and Clark." The work that gave him his chief note, however, was the editing of "The Jesuit Relations," in seventy-three volumes, a task which occupied five years (1896-1901) and which resulted in throwing a flood of new light upon early Western history. As editor of seventeen volumes of the Wisconsin Historical Collections, and head of the State Historical Library, he was responsible for a new Western interest in the amassing of historical data; while his connection with the University of Wisconsin enabled him to turn many scholars into the field.

The Hon. Emily Lawless, daughter of the late Baron Cloncurry, died last week in London, England. She was a writer of novels and verse. Born in Ireland, she lived at Hazelhatch, Gomshall, Surrey. Her published works include "Hurrish," "Major Lawrence, F.L.S.," "Plain Frances Mowbray," "With Essex in Ireland," "Grania," "Maelcho," "A Garden Diary," "With the Wild Geese," "Maria Edgeworth," and "The Book of Gilly."

Ludwig Max Goldberger, Commercial Privy Councillor and formerly president of the Permanent Exposition Commission, died last week in Berlin. He was the author of "The Land of Unlimited Possibilities," a book on contemporary American affairs. He was born at Tarnowitz, Silesia, in 1848.

Science

Mr. Abraham Flexner is at work on the second of the series of books which the Century Company is publishing for the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The volume deals with prostitution in Europe.

"The Constitution of Matter," by Prof. Joseph S. Ames, is announced for issue next week by Houghton Mifflin.

Wonderful progress made in the science of genetics during the last three years makes it almost obligatory for an author to rewrite a general treatise on the subject as presented in 1909. This Mr. William Bateson frankly admits in a note to the third impression, printed in 1913, of his book on "Mendel's Principles of Heredity" (Putnam). An effort is made to bring the subject up to date by the addition of some eighteen pages of notes to be used as appendixes to the several chapters, but the essential changes in point of view and general biological interpretations of the accumulated mass of details scarcely make the effort successful.

For many years Prof. Marcus Hartog, of University College at Cork, purposed writing a general treatise on reproduction suited for laymen having interest, but no technical training. Finding himself at last unable to complete such a work, he has made a compromise in a book entitled "Problems of Life and Reproduction" (Putnam). Here

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are brought together eleven essays which he had published in various journals and reviews, mostly in the past dozen years, but three of somewhat older date. There is considerable revision and annotation that the essays may include new discoveries. One on fertilization has been largely rewritten, and another extensively remodelled in order to bring out the author's doctrine of "mitokinetism" as the action of a new and peculiar force by which he conceives the phenomena of mitosis may be explained. Those who are interested in Hartog's views will be glad to have these papers collected in this handsome form, and others may read them with profit, but it is an occupation that for the most part may not be undertaken light-heartedly. There is an extraordinarily copious index.

"Vertebrate Embryology" (Frowde), by J. W. Jenkinson, is an effort to state the present view of a limited portion of the subject with abundant and often very excellent illustrations. It deals with the structure, origin, maturation, and fertilization of the germ cells, the mechanism of segmentation, and the formation of the germinal layers. The development of the embryo is followed only in the early stages, but with some explanatory extension, and for the purpose of giving a sound basis for the medical man, the detailed organogeny being reserved for a later volume. Much space, about a quarter of the book, is devoted to the fœtal membranes and to the placenta. American authorities are cited, but the reader is left with the impression that the author is not very familiar with the contributions from this side of the Atlantic.

Written as an obvious protest against the modern methods of teaching botany, F. L. Sargent's "Plants and Their Uses: An Introduction to Botany" (Holt) presents a curious and perhaps helpful point of view. The author begins with the assumption that the obvious and most interesting questions to ask about a plant are "What is it? What is it good for? or What does it do?" With these as a guiding principle, it follows that the work differs radically from any of the textbooks now in use. For it lays emphasis, not upon processes such as photosynthesis, respiration, reproduction, and so forth, but upon the plants that touch the every-day existence of all of us, such as the foods, beverages, drugs, fibres, and the like. The first half of the book is taken up with descriptions and historical notes upon the introduction into cultivation of all the better-known economic plants. The usual routine ground is covered, but tersely and with some haste, and the chief emphasis is laid on industrial botany, if there be such a science. It is unfortunate that the first modern textbook that approaches botany from this side should have inaccuracies of statement and a certain lack of perspective. For instance, opium is a narcotic, not an intoxicant (p. 184); the Para rubber tree is *Hevea brasiliensis*, not *H. guyanensis* (p. 281), and there is no mention of the Straits Settlements' great new rubber industry based on this Brazilian plant, no mention of the important Mexican rubber *Castilla elastica;* among the fibres, the sisal hemp, which has controlled the economic destiny of Yucatan, is not cited; and also the statement about the origin of peat and coal (p. 298) perpetuates a very general misconception that one might have expected the author to correct. These valuable fuels arise not by the accumulation in bogs of vegetable matter and its slow decomposition "in the presence of water," but by a partial decomposition, ultimately stopped by the water acting as a barrier to the oxygen of the air. A considerable part of the book is devoted to systematic botany, and this section is a distinctly disappointing feature. There seems to be no real attempt to clarify this phase of the subject, and, surprisingly enough, there is no mention of the sequence of plant families, now so generally adopted, based on the great work of Engler and Prantl. Also, pages 404 to 427 are rather needlessly taken up with a wholly original system of cabalistic characters, the written equivalents for which would have occupied scarcely more space, and have been immediately intelligible. The book is very carefully indexed and will undoubtedly fill a useful niche as a general work of interesting information about plants.

A welcome announcement of cartographic progress in Argentina is made in a recent publication of the official Geographical Military Institute, entitled "La Carte de la République Argentine," by Col. B. G. Aparicio (Buenos Ayres, 1913; 110 pages, many maps). The volume contains a scholarly review of work already accomplished, with a valuable list of all maps that have appeared and a useful bibliography of works on Argentina. Index maps are included to show the distribution of sheets in the proposed map of the republic on scales of 1:1,000,000 and 1:100,000. Samples of the proposed maps are included at the end of the book, from which it appears that the 1:100,000 sheets of the standard map will be printed with brown contours and hill shading, blue hydrography, and black roads, names, etc. The contour interval appears to vary in different districts, but will be at most 20 metres; hachures in black will indicate exceptionally strong slopes.

An echo of the Transcontinental Geographical Excursion of 1912 has lately appeared in the proceedings of a meeting held near the end of the excursion at the University of Virginia, under the auspices of the Philosophical Society of that University. The intention of the meeting was to promote the cultivation of geography as a subject of university study in the United States, and with that object addresses were made by Professors Partsch of Leipzig, Oberhummer of Vienna, Gallois of Paris, Chisholm of Edinburgh, and Chaix of Geneva, all of whom briefly described the status of geography in the universities of their respective countries. It was particularly appropriate that these addresses should be delivered at the University of Virginia and that they should now be published for extended distribution through the Southern States, for no college or university in that part of our country has yet recognized geography to the extent of making it the subject of a professorial appointment.

The death is reported from Baltimore of Dr. Philip Reese Uhler, a noted scientist and for many years provost of the Peabody Museum of that city. He was born in Baltimore in 1835. He had spent three years at Harvard as assistant to Prof. Louis Agassiz, and later was an associate in natural sciences at Johns Hopkins. Among the learned societies of which he was a member were the Royal Society of Arts, London, and the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

Just Lucas-Championnière, surgeon, died in Paris on Wednesday of last week while he was reading a paper on "Prehistoric Trepanning" before a committee of the Academy of Sciences. He was born in 1843, and was a member of the Academy of Medicine. His father was the founder of the *Journal de médecine et de chirurgie.* He himself was a member of the Académie de Médecine.

Drama

WILLIAM WINTER'S REMINISCENCES.

The Wallet of Time. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. Two volumes. $10 net.

In these two handsome and substantial volumes, comprising more than 1,350 pages, Mr. Winter gives a comprehensive survey of the American stage as he has known it during the period of nearly sixty years in which he has been actively engaged as a dramatic critic. No man living is better qualified by experience and ability for such a task, and this instalment of it—for the work is not yet completed—is notable for its literary quality and the fulness and accuracy of its detail. With the exception of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Richard Mansfield, of whom Mr. Winter has already published separate biographies; Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, upon whose lives he is now busy; and Lester Wallack, William Warren, W. E. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and some others of lesser note who are to be considered in a sequel, all the more prominent players of the last half of the nineteenth century, who have appeared in this country, are dealt with in this book. The work is further enriched by miscellaneous essays on various aspects of the theatre, managerial developments and policies, the art of acting, the interpretation of famous characters, the modern social and sexual drama, and so forth, all of which are written with the vigor of intense conviction and an eloquence that charms even in those occasional instances where it may fail to convert.

In compiling this work Mr. Winter has not hesitated, as he tells in his preface, to make use of his earlier writings, many of which are now out of print. It is not likely that the revision of them cost him much trouble, for his attitude to the theatre has not changed in the lapse of years. Nor is he afraid of being called a *laudator temporis acti.* He knows, as all old playgoers know, that except in contemporaneous drama, the actors of preceding

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generations were more capable and more versatile than those of to-day, because in the old stock companies they had opportunities of improving their faculties which no longer exist. His denunciation, upon purely artistic and other grounds, of the present system of ignorant and conscienceless commercial management, is as sound as it is trenchant. The system has spelled ruin and disgrace for the theatre wherever it has prevailed. The only hope of a theatrical revival lies in the success of that revolt against its domination of which, happily, there are signs in many directions. And it is encouraging to find a man of his experience and authority speaking out so clearly and so boldly concerning the higher and most legitimate functions of the stage as a potential agent in the promotion of right standards in taste and ethics, and concerning the heavy responsibility that rests upon all—whether managers or critics—who connive at a profitable degradation of public morals. At the same time he is careful to explain that it is not the mission of the stage to be didactic, but, under the guise of honest and rational—not necessarily highly intellectual—entertainment, to suggest what is wholesome, good, or noble. Some strange reflections are aroused by his summary of the proper qualifications of a dramatic critic. There is undoubtedly a need for a few such paragons.

Not every reader will agree with all of Mr. Winter's estimates of the players whom he celebrates, but even those who differ from him will admire the analytical skill and descriptive power with which he supports his opinions. And his intimate acquaintance with the theatrical world enables him to flavor his biographies with the attractive spice of personal reminiscence. Thus he gives a most interesting account of the eccentricities of that great actor, Junius Brutus Booth. An admirable analysis of the Falstaff of Hackett, commonly accepted as one of the finest embodiments of the character ever given, furnishes another admirable chapter. His essay on Edwin Forrest, as man and actor, is a most striking bit of distinctive, yet judicious, criticism. "A vast animal bewildered by a grain of genius" is one of his felicitous phrases. On Charlotte Cushman he pens a glowing eulogy, and he pays a tribute of loving appreciation to that rare old artist, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. The comic genius and remarkable versatility of John E. Owens receive a recognition as just as it is generous. He praises the romantic powers of Charles Fechter very highly, but disapproves strongly of his Hamlet, an impersonation which has been vastly admired by other competent authorities. It should be noted, however, that Fechter was in his decadence before he reached this country. Upon the splendid achievements of Salvini, in such parts as Conrad, Saul, Niger, and Ingomar, he bestows the most eloquent laudation; but towards the Shakespearean performances of the great Italian he is more than cool. That in these assumptions Salvini, who knew no English, and very little about British commentaries and traditions, departed widely, in form and spirit, from established conceptions, may be granted readily. His Hamlet, indisputably, was utterly un-Shakespearean, but his Othello, surely, was a masterpiece, at all events from his own point of view. In his broad contention that English actors are, almost of necessity, the best interpreters of English poetic masterpieces, Mr. Winter is on tolerably safe ground, if a possible exception be made in the case of the Germans; but there are exceptions to most rules, and there is no particular reason why an Italian, for instance, should not comprehend such parts as Othello and Coriolanus.

Two of the most notable chapters are those on Modjeska and Sarah Bernhardt. To the former he awards the highest rank as woman and actress, extolling especially her Adrienne, Camille, and Portia. He is more reserved in his praise of her Juliet, which he characterizes as too mature; her Viola, which he calls "finical, indefinite, and therefore abortive," and her Rosalind, in which he notes a deficiency of exuberant physical life. These will be hard sayings to many. To the present writer the Rosalind of the gifted Polish woman was the most poetic known to the modern stage, and, barring the broken English, perhaps the nearest to the Shakespearean ideal. In dealing with the career of Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. Winter is just, if severe. The most fervent worshippers of that remarkable woman could not ask for a more hearty recognition, than he accords, of her extraordinary histrionic talents and her mastery of technical resource; but he asserts, what is the inexorable fact, that her art, in the main, has been devoted to ignoble and pernicious ends, that she has never furnished a single study of chaste or exalted womanhood, and that there is no reason for supposing that she could do so. Moreover, she has not scrupled to seek profit in rank sensation and advertisement; and he argues that she has only succeeded in acquiring notoriety at the expense of permanent fame. Money, he remarks, is always to be made from incursions into the sewers.

Although he selects Bernhardt as a flagrant example of the harm done by purveyors of the modern feverish and unclean drama, he does not spare less conspicuous offenders. He berates some of his most esteemed performers for their traffic in such pestilent stuff, and he is especially energetic and caustically humorous in his castigation of the hypocrisy that, under the pretence of dramatizing literary masterpieces, extracts particular incidents for exhibition for the gratification of a vulgar taste. His comments upon certain specimens of the "advanced" English, French, German, and Scandinavian drama afford entertaining reading. Further reference to them, or to the many excellent biographies of which no mention has been made, is impossible at this time. The general nature and quality of the book have, perhaps, been sufficiently indicated. It is full of good things for the general reader as well as the theatrical enthusiast.

Augustus Thomas's latest play, "Indian Summer," produced in the Criterion Theatre on Monday evening, is of a rather disappointing character. The first two acts are in his very best manner, and constitute first-class comedy, but the third act degenerates into somewhat cheap and conventional melodrama, while the fourth is hazy and inconclusive. Those scenes which deal with the development of a romance between a middle-aged artist and a young girl, in whom he has found inspiration and rejuvenation, are wholly charming. They are written with fine feeling and imagination, they are clever studies in characterization, and are admirably acted by John Mason and Martha Hedman. The melodramatic incidents which temporarily threaten to keep the lovers apart are of wholly subordinate interest. Incidentally Mr. Thomas enters a plea for the charitable treatment of erring women by sisters who have not succumbed to temptation, or, perchance, have been less tempted. The first half of the piece was received with an enthusiasm which was not maintained during the later acts.

Winthrop Ames has opened the season of his Little Theatre with a production of the "Prunella" of Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was played originally, with marked success, under Mr. Barker's management in London. It is a piece of excellent literary quality, written partly in verse, containing an attractive mixture of quaint characterization, satirical humor, and pretty sentiment. Archaic in form and romantic in many of its details, it is completely modern in spirit. The theme of it is the peril that ignorance may bring to innocence, and the satire is directed against the old puritanical system of domestic education. Prunella is a little orphan maiden, daughter of a confiding mother and a vagabond artist, who has been reared in the strictest seclusion behind the walls of an old-world garden by three maiden aunts, Prim, Prude, and Privacy. She knows nothing of the world, or of evil, and has never seen a young man. Therefore, when Pierrot, the chief of a band of strolling players, comes by chance into her sanctuary, she regards him as a divinity, and, being persuaded to give him a kiss, in all simplicity, is made free of love's mysteries and is ready to follow him, as Pierrette, to the end of the world. Three years later, having been deserted, but still loving, she returns to find the old garden a ruin. Thither also presently comes Pierrot, satiated and morose after a life of selfish self-indulgence, and mourning Prunella, whom he supposes to be dead. His old

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roystering companions, types of vice and folly, try in vain to rally him. When his lost love reappears he takes her for a ghost, and when she holds out her arms to him, he believes that she is asking him to die. For her sake, being regenerated by the true love that has succeeded to the dead passion, he is even willing to do this, and, his sincerity being thus proved, the curtain falls upon a scene of reconciliation. This is the merest skeleton of a fable which is embellished by many strokes of happy fancy and some scenes of moving sentiment. The moral of it all seems to be conveyed in the discourse of an ancient gardener, admirably sketched, who explains that nature will overrun everything, if it be not kept within bounds by proper pruning. Fantastic as the piece is in its general structure, it is by no means devoid of realism or of genuine dramatic force, while the particular lesson which it inculcates is undeniably sound. But plainly, in the case of youth, too much knowledge of a certain kind may be as mischievous as excessive pruning. As a specimen of the literary and intellectual drama, however, "Prunella" is a welcome addition to our stage, and it is beautifully mounted and, on the whole, well acted at the Little Theatre, although the elocution, as is almost inevitable now in a poetic play, leaves much to be desired. The merit of some of the verse is greatly obscured.

Mr. F. R. Benson, the distinguished Shakespearean actor-manager, sends the following letter for publication:

I do not understand why at the moment I am undergoing a somewhat unenviable notoriety in stage journalism, as I have never given utterance to the expressions attributed to me concerning either the New York theatres or the New York public. In fact, I cannot remember having referred to them recently in any public lectures or press interviews. I have not had the pleasure of being much in New York, but I have passed three or four very pleasant evenings in its theatres, listening to the work of my fellow-craftsmen, and I should be loath to be put in a false position in their eyes. I have often said and still hold that it is hard for any large modern city to be a suitable nursery or cradle for art, because of the ugliness and inhumanity of modern cities as we know them to-day, not, as I believe, as we shall know them to-morrow.

It is pleasant to be assured that Mr. Benson has not been making impolite utterances about the New York theatres and the New York public, but what most persons interested in the theatre wish to know, and what this letter does not tell, is to what extent he is associated with the reported determination of the Stratford management not to permit the company of which he is the head to give the city a taste of its quality. New York may not be suitable for a nursery or cradle of infantile art, but it knows how to appreciate and reward the finished artist. It is incredible that Mr. Benson should be afraid of submitting his players to the test of criticism by audiences accustomed to the standards set by Edwin Booth, Salvini, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and Forbes-Robertson.

"Interlopers," having failed at the London Royalty, will be followed there soon by "The Pursuit of Pamela," a new comedy by C. B. Fernald. The heroine is a young lady, married at the early age of sixteen, who, in her flight from temptation, provokes the hero to a series of adventures extending to the furthest corners of the earth. The first act takes place in Honolulu, the second in Japan, the third in Hongkong, and the fourth in Canada. This lady is to be played by Gladys Cooper, lately appearing in "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, where her place will be taken by Marie Doro. Dennis Eadie is to have an important part.

Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield, joint examiner and censor of plays, is dead in London. Mr. Brookfield, who was born in 1857, went on the stage in 1879, and until he retired, in 1889, he was associated with the Bancrofts, the Kendals, and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree. He played in almost everything from farce to Shakespeare. His appointment as joint censor with G. A. Redford was made on December 8, 1911. He wrote and produced nearly fifty plays, of which "Dear Old Charlie" was the most frequently mentioned at the time of his appointment.

Music

After twice hearing Elgar's new orchestral work, "Falstaff," Robin H. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, could not make up his mind whether he quite liked it or not. He found in it "a vein of quaint humor, as when Falstaff sleeps; of rare beauty and charm, as in the interludes; and even more in the exquisite closing scene of the fall and death of Falstaff." The whole is "a masterpiece of music, prodigiously stamped with Elgar's own remarkable personality." But it is all extremely complicated, and much of it seemed so obscure that this critic concluded that the fault lay in the fact that Elgar, who conducted the novelty at the Leeds Festival, "is not the best explainer of his own music."

From the Government Printing Office in Washington we have received a "Catalogue of Early Books on Music," by Julia Gregory, prepared under the direction of O. G. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music. In 1902 the library began systematically to collect old books on music published before 1800 in various languages. The collection now embraces probably more than a third of the entire output before that year, and it was deemed that publication of a catalogue was advisable in the interest of musicology at home and abroad. To students this volume will prove invaluable, for, whereas the compositions of the old masters have been printed abroad in monumental editions under the editorship of competent musical scholars, it is entirely different with the old books on music, few of which are accessible in modern reprints. The aim of Mr. Sonneck has been to get as many of these books as possible rather than first editions when there was no intrinsic reason for favoring these. An index to anonymous works follows the regular text.

Part iv of Vol. II of the Catalogue of the Allen A. Brown Collection of Music in the Public Library of Boston has been issued. It includes the names Penseron to Rossini. Among important heads are Part Songs, Periodicals, and Pianoforte.

A new edition of Finck's "Success in Music and How it is Won," with a chapter on Tempo Rubato by Paderewski, has been issued by the Scribners at a price within the reach of all music students. From the same publishers we have received reprints of Fuller-Maitland's "Schumann" and Sir Julius Benedict's "Weber," two books which, though written a number of years ago, are still the best on their subjects in our language. While Schumann holds his own, Weber is unjustly neglected, especially in the opera houses. A perusal of Benedict's pages brings to mind how much we lose by this neglect.

While some London theatres have entirely abolished music between the acts, partly from motives of economy, partly because nobody seemed to listen to it, others are encouraging it by introducing new features. Thus, the Comedy Theatre announced that "The orchestra will commence at 8 P. M., followed by Miss Evelyn Tyser, violinist." The Queen's Theatre has engaged, besides the usual orchestra, which plays between the acts, a string quartet, which plays in the foyer in order to interest the ladies who may wish to leave their seats.

Cleofonte Campanini will conduct personally the three performances of "Parsifal" to be given in Chicago this season by the opera company of which he is now the general director. He will also produce Massenet's "Don Quichotte," besides "Monna Vanna," Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Grecchi's "Cassandra," and Leoncavallo's "Zingari." Among the new singers engaged are Florence Macbeth, Rosa Raise, Marta Dorda, Beatrice Wheeler, Amy Evans, Giovanni Martinelli, Lucien Muratore, and Rolf Errolle.

A Verdi document of historic importance is described in foreign journals—a copy of the vocal score of "Lohengrin," with Italian words, which was used by Verdi to follow the performance of that opera in Bologna in 1871, and which he copiously annotated in pencil. It shows no lack of appreciation for the music. The word "bello" occurs frequently, and he has even a "bellissimo" for the dramatic climax of the first scene of Act III. There are some adverse criticisms, too; he finds fault with the slowness of the declamation, particularly in the speeches of the King and the Herald, but this slowness was a fault of the singers which Wagner himself severely censured at other performances. Verdi also points out that the long ensemble which follows the King's prayer has no dramatic value, and makes the scene halt—"fredda la scene" is a note which occurs repeatedly. Evidently the performance was most defective. Verdi notes all the cuts, remarks that the *tempi* were often hurried, and that the chorus at almost every entry sang abominably out of tune. To Wagner, nevertheless, these performances at Bologna, being the entering wedge for his operas in Italy, seemed so important that he wrote about them to his friend, Arrigo Boïto, an appreciative letter, which is published in his collected works.

Probably no other conductor is in such demand as Arthur Nikisch. He has been invited to conduct "Parsifal" next year in Barcelona, Madrid, Rome, Milan, Paris, London, and Buenos Ayres. But he has refused all these offers because of his regular engagements in Leipzig and Berlin. These allow him, however, to preside over the season of German opera in Covent Gar-

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den next spring, when Londoners, who have often admired the interpretations of "Tristan" and the Nibelung operas, will have their first chance to hear his "Meistersinger" also. The other day, after conducting at the Leeds festival, Nikisch left London at nine o'clock, and twenty-five hours later he was rehearsing the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig. Nikisch evidently has taken Hans Richter's place as the idol of England.

Art

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING.

SYDNEY, October 1.

An "exceptionally strong" annual exhibition affords an opportunity of noting some advances in Australian methods of painting. At the same time it is observable that the greatest advances are those made by Australian artists in England. Denied adequate encouragement by the communities that reared them, the best painters have gone to Europe, first to learn their art, and then to breast the competition of their rivals in the Old World, as American painters had once to do, and as Australian men of letters still do. There some of them have been wonderfully successful, as Australian singers have been. One has received the bronze medal of the Paris Salon; two others have gained enviable distinctions there; a fourth, Mr. Lambert, is said to be taking in English portraiture the place left vacant by Mr. Sargent; while others have had their pictures hung "on the line" at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Some of these have come back to Australia, "bringing their sheaves with them," but the best remain to reproduce, as Lord Beaconsfield hyperbolically (and, as is known, insincerely) said, "the glories of ancient Greece under the murky skies of England."

Easily the chief of the small Australian band, Mr. Lister-Lister, the president of the Royal Art Society, once more fills the central space of the gallery with one of his huge canvases. Naturally, the site selected as the seat of the Federal Government has waked the rivalry of two artists, and two large pictures perpetuate a scene that will soon have ceased to exist. The verdict of every spectator is expressed by Mr. Griffin, the American architect from Chicago, who has designed the laying out of the ground and the erection of the more imposing structures—that it is an ideal site for a capital city. So it appears, as we gaze. A vast expanse of fairly level country, suited to afford the "magnificent distances" of Washington, meets the eye, and seems to crave exploitation.

Mr. Lister has evidently striven to give his picture the artistic unity that nature has denied to the scene. What he has accomplished in this direction will be the more visible if we contrast his painting with a rival work of more than equal dimensions on the same theme. This is fuller of detail, and delineates the church and village and the farmhouses that dot the landscape. These have disappeared from Mr. Lister's picture, painted from a different point of view, but the work gains by their exclusion or omission. Here we have only nature. The blue of the distant foothills, the deep blue of the sky, the deeper blue of the Molonglo River that winds through the scene, and the white gum-trees in the foreground, lend it a unity, though it is the unity of a few elements.

The scene is characteristically Australian. Yellow, which science tells us is the real color of the sky, still dominates the land, as in so many Australian pictures—whether arising from the lovely wattle, or from the thickly sown Pride of the Heath, or from other wild flowers still. It takes long to accustom one's self to that Chinese dominant, or to blend it with the blues of river, hills, or sky. The blue-birds hop trustfully quite near the spectator, as they do everywhere in Australia, where nature still lords it over man. There, too, are the white gum-trees in the foreground, resembling no other tree, and proclaiming the spirit of endless division—the bole sometimes dividing into two trunks, each bough into half-a-dozen boughs, and every bough into an infinity of branches. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, are there such trees, with their contorted forms and the wreckage of brittle boughs at their foot.

Some water-colors by the president are still finer than his oils. That of the breakers on the rocks reproduces an everlasting scene, yet it is here "as fresh as on creation's day." The boulders on the sea-beach have an individuality of their own, dyed green with algæ and richly browned or umbered by lichens. Even the sea-pools on the sand, rightly or wrongly, are sky-blue. The Great Australian Bight, by Mr. Will Ashton, is the finest seascape in the exhibition, and the drawing and coloring are doubtless impeccable. The falling of luminous tints on the waves from a few rosy cloudlets in a clear sky is a truly picturesque incident. A parallel scene, by Mr. James Ashton, skilfully shows the gleams of a tropical sunset tinting the indigo-blue waves of the Indian Ocean. Neither is hackneyed, yet neither compares with a sea-view hung some three years ago, and then commented on in these columns, where moonlight on the sea was a dream of beauty.

Two well-known scenes in the Blue Mountains are the Orphan Rock at Katoomba and the Three Sisters at Wentworth Falls, three towering monoliths that bear traces of much weathering and are richly colored. They are only the most conspicuous objects in a rockscape where almost everything is conspicuous. To the right we observe, high up the mountain, a granite physiognomy that reminds us of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face"; to the left are, as it seems, though seventy miles distant from the sea, large stretches of sea-waves, which are probably but the haze hanging over the mountain slopes; and behind are precipitous cliffs, with a sheer fall of 1,000 feet. Other landscapes are fine enough, but have little in them that is distinctive of Australia. A few foreign scenes—English, Tyrolean, or Italian—might belong to another planet, so alien are they.

To a foreigner, looking at it with eyes trained to other aspects of nature, we owe our introduction to the romance of the bush. Mr. Blamire Young had added a new quality of beauty, hardly to be discerned even in the paintings of Streeton, by a fresh handling of the hard Australian light. But Hans Heysen does something more than this. He infuses or expires a new atmosphere. Have we not wandered through that tract of bush many a good time before? We have, and we have not. We saw those strange trees, but saw them with our natural eyes—at best, with the keenly penetrative eyes of a Lister or an Ashton. Now we see them with the unscaled eyes of the spirit, or at least of Mr. Heysen, who has painted such gum-trees as were never before seen, save in "faëry lands forlorn." Are they illusions? We had best cherish them, for they will soon be gone. Meanwhile, we willingly remain under their spell.

For the first time, the portrait-portion of the gallery is adequate. Unhappily or otherwise, we have among us no Watts, with his "passionate pursuit of strength," as Carlyle said of him; and these portraits are purely naturalistic. In Sir Normand MacLaurin, once of the Challenger Expedition, now the honored chancellor of the University and president of the Royal Society, we see the strong face of one who has had many a tussle with the inequities of things and the perversities of men, but has held on his course unflinchingly, while the Senator has found trenchant utterance for his robust convictions. To this striding ruler a delicate portrait of the late Mr. Broinowski, long the foremost ornithologist of Australia, furnishes a fitting counterpart. It embodies at once the extreme frailty of age, "like an old lady washed in milk," as was said of Cardinal Newman, and the life-long grief of the Polish exile.

The *genre* paintings are various, but the best of them are again the work of a foreigner. Signor Dattilo-Rubbo delineates the most characteristic types that have ever been produced in Australia.

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No other Australian painter could have so powerfully exhibited the Aftermath of the Strike. Everything in it is deeply realist; the disused pick and shovel, standing idly against the wall of the poor cabin, the unused teapot and cup, the belted trousers, and the upturned toes of the boots appeal powerfully to the spectator, while the miner sits bitterly reflecting, with chagrined face. Perhaps in the belief that it may have an educational effect, the picture has been bought for the National Gallery.

Is it not the same head and face, the same personality, in fact, but slightly disguised, that we discern in another masterly delineation? Those six gamblers—are they not the striker over again? A lady of our acquaintance reduces the six to two, and these possibly to one. And as we turn to the portrait of the painter, we are confronted, we feel, with the true and only source of both or all the types. A man can paint no one and nothing but himself, and the striker, the gamblers, the dead-beat, or stone-broke old man in another character-painting, and even the old woman in a companion picture, are all alike variations of the Neapolitan immigrant painter's Protean personality. J. C.

Finance

THE MEANING OF THE PRESENT INACTIVE MARKET.

If it is to be assumed—as it sometimes seems reasonable to assume—that a continuous movement of prices on the Stock Exchange foreshadows the subsequent general course of events in general industry, then the inference from the market of the past two months would naturally be this: The sharp Wall Street recovery of September should have prophesied a generally favorable turn of events in trade; based, like the September stock market, on the two facts that the predicted autumn money stringency had not occurred, and that the uncertainty as to what the new tariff's provisions would or would not be was at last removed. But the further inference, strictly drawn from the later markets, would also be that this show of reviving cheerfulness in business circles would be comparatively brief, and would be succeeded by a spell of despondency, repeating the Wall Street despondency of October. In due course, if the market were still to be taken as a forecast, this spirit of reaction and doubt would be arrested by the discovery that it had been carried further than circumstances of the industrial situation warranted.

It is conceivable that this will be exactly the sequence of events in general business, as it has been thus far on the Stock Exchange. But it is scarcely true that the stock market necessarily, and in all respects, foreshadows the casual fluctuations of industrial activity. The business history of the past six months, for instance—in this country at any rate—has by no means fulfilled the prophecy of the agonized stock markets of the first few months of 1913. The trade developments at the end of 1911 and the beginning of 1912 were not such as might have been predicted from the violent collapse on the Stock Exchange, in the preceding August and September. That was no doubt because, on both occasions, the primary source of the Stock Exchange disorder was the condition of things in Europe, not in the United States. Nevertheless, the general fact remained, even then, that the course of Wall Street prices marked out tendencies, temporary if not permanent, in the broader field of trade.

Perhaps a more important matter for consideration on such occasions is the question, exactly what the causes were behind a given decline on the Stock Exchange, and exactly how far those causes, taken by themselves, were bound to influence trade prosperity as well as the course of financial values. In the present case, causes at work are admittedly numerous. Judge Gary, in his speech to the Iron and Steel Institute on Friday of last week, asked and answered, from his own point of view, the question, "Why is business prosperity so frequently and seriously interrupted?" His judgment was that "it is largely because of much unnecessary agitation and ill-considered criticism by those who have not the nation's best interests at heart"; that "capital, always timid, has been seriously affected by this unreasonable and uncalled-for agitation and attack," and that consequently "it is becoming almost impossible to procure on fair terms, on good security, and at a reasonable rate of interest, the necessary capital to equip or liberally maintain going and successful properties."

The judgment from so high a quarter commands respect, and even those who may not concur in it, as a final explanation of the existing state of things, will agree that anything which increases timidity in the domain of capital must be an aggravating influence. Yet two other facts must be considered with it—one, that the same condition of the market for corporation loans exists, in much more disconcerting shape, in foreign money centres where a wholly different explanation is current for it; the other, that Judge Gary's explanation, taken by itself, would have left no excuse or apology for any different condition during the past ten years. Agitation and criticism, often far more angry and embittered than at the present moment, have existed throughout that stretch of time; but the same period has comprised advancing Stock Exchange prices, booming trade, and an investment market which has absorbed wholly unprecedented quantities of new corporation securities.

The usual habit of economic reasoning, in problems of this sort, is to consider, first, the conditions which exist in the world as a whole; secondly, the extent to which those conditions, in the markets where they are most emphatically in evidence, have affected the course of things in all other markets, and, finally, the prospect for finding a way out of the embarrassment for all the communities involved.

Thus considered, the problem is a large one; not capable of solution by any such simple formula as Judge Gary's. The inference, in the light of past experience, is that the situation must be watched and studied in the quarter where the unpleasant phenomena are most in evidence—in England during 1899, in the United States during 1903 and 1907, in Germany during 1911, and in Europe generally at this moment. There is thus much of distinct encouragement, in the present perplexing situation, to American observers—that, by common agreement of all European economic critics, the position of the United States is to-day intrinsically the strongest of any great market in the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albery, F. F. D. Michael Ryan, Capitalist. Columbus, O.: Rowfant Press and Bindery.

Annesley, Maude. The Sphinx in the Labyrinth. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Aydelotte, Frank. College English. Oxford Univ. Press. 60 cents.

Barrett, S. M. Hoistah: An Indian Girl. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Bond, A. Russell. With the Men Who Do Things. Munn & Co. $1.50 net.

Bosher, K. L. The House of Happiness. Harpers. $1.25 net.

Brown, C. R. The Quest of Life. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Browne, Belmore. The Conquest of Mount McKinley. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Burgess, Thomas. Greeks in America. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.

Burnett, Frances H. T. Tembarom. Century. $1.40 net.

Burroughs, John. The Summit of the Years. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.15 net.

Castle, A. and E. The Golden Barrier. Doubleday, Page. $1.30 net.

Chapin, F. S. An Introduction to the Study of Social Evolution. Century. $2 net.

Chinard, Gilbert. L'Amérique et le Rêve exotique dans la Littérature française. Paris: Hachette.

Clay, Albert T. Legal Documents from Erech, dated in the Seleucid Era. Part II, Babylonian Records in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. Privately printed.

Cleveland, Grover. The Independence of the Executive; The Government in the Chicago Strike; The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy. Princeton University Press. (Stafford Little Lectures.) $1 net each.

Crawford, M. C. The Romance of the American Theatre. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Crewe-Jones, Florence. The Inner Man. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

Crowell, J. F. The Cheer Chirpers. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Deland, E. D. Country Cousins. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Dix, Beulah M. Mother's Son: A Novel. Holt. $1.35 net.

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Duffield, J. W. Bert Wilson, Marathon Winner. Sully & Kleinteich.
Fisher, Irving. The Purchasing Power of Money. Revised edition. Macmillan. $2.25.
Fletcher, Horace. Fletcherism: What It Is. Stokes. $1 net.
Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary. $30.
Gairdner, James. Lollardy and the Reformation in England. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $3 net.
Garvie, A. E. Handbook of Christian Apologetics. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Goldsmith, E. E. Toby. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Goodrich, J. K. The Coming Canada. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Grayson, David. The Friendly Road. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Great Debates in American History, from the Debates in the British Parliament on the Colonial Stamp Act to the Debates in Congress at the Close of the Taft Administration. Edited by M. M. Miller. 14 vols. Current Literature Publishing Co.
Hall, Bolton. The Mastery of Grief. Holt. $1 net.
Halleck, R. P. New English Literature. American Book Co. $1.30.
Halsey, Forrest. A Term of Silence. Desmond FitzGerald. $1 net.
Harris, Corra. In Search of a Husband. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXIV. Harvard Univ. Press.
Herford, Oliver. The Jingle-Jungle Book. Century. $1 net.
Hichens, Robert. The Near East. Illustrated by Jules Guérin. Century Co. $6 net.
Hodges, George. Classbook of Old Testament History. Macmillan. $1 net.
Home University Library. Nos. 68 to 72; Bury's History of Freedom of Thought; Councilman's Disease and its Causes; Farmer's Plant Life; Harrison's Ancient Art and Ritual; Tower's Germany of To-day. Holt. 50 cents net, each.
Howells, W. D. Familiar Spanish Travels. Harper. $2 net.
Income Tax Law. Harris, Forbes & Co.
Johnson, A. F. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Century Co. $1 net.
Joline, A. H. Rambles in Autograph Land. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Jordan, D. S. War and Waste. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Judson, H. C. Songs Toward the Sunlight. Stewart & Kidd Co. Stewart & Co. $1.50.
Kate Douglas Wiggin Calendar. 1914. Sully & Kleinteich.
Kirkham, S. D. North and South. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Knight, W. A. A Bedouin Lover. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Lippmann, J. M. Making Over Martha. Holt. $1.20 net.
Lowell, A. L. Public Opinion and Popular Government. Longmans. $2.25 net.
Lucas, E. V. Loiterer's Harvest. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lyster, Lynn. Ballads of the Veld-Land. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Moffett, Cleveland. The Land of Mystery. Century Co.
Mother Goose. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Century Co. $2.50 net.
Nelson, A. W. Yankee Swanson: Chapters from a Life at Sea. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Ogilvie, W. H. Hearts of Gold and Other Verses. (Snowy River Series.) Oxford University Press.
Olcott, F. J. Story Telling Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Ordway, E. B. Synonyms and Antonyms. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. X, Tombal-Trahysh. Oxford Univ. Press. $1.25.
Park, J. Edgar. How I Spent My Million. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Pearson, P. H. The Study of Literature. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Peets, Elbert. Practical Tree Repair. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Rawnsley, H. D. Chapters at the English Lakes. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Reed, Myrtle. Happy Women. Putnam. $2 net.
Rogers, Reginald. A Northern Voyage. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. Poems and Translations (1850-1870). Oxford University Press.
Scientific American Reference Book, 1914. Compiled and edited by A. A. Hopkins and A. R. Bond. Munn & Co. $1.50 net.
Seltzer, C. A. The Trail to Yesterday. Outing Pub. Co. $1.35 net.
Shakespeare. Works, edited, with Glossary, by W. J. Craig. Oxford University Press.
Shotwell, J. T. The Religious Revolution of To-day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Sloan, L. A. Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal": A Study and Interpretation. Chicago: Sloan Pub. Co. 20 cents net.
Steele, Rufus. The Fall of Ug: A Masque of Fear. San Francisco: John Howell. $1.
Steel, F. A. The Adventures of Akbar. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Stephens, Brunton. Poetical Works. (Snowy River Series.) Oxford Univ. Press.
Stockley, Cynthia. Wanderfoot. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Strindberg, August. The Red Room. Trans. by E. Schleussner. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper. $1.50.
Tagore, Rabindranath. The Gardener. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tynan, Katharine. Rose of the Garden. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Vanardy, Varick. Alias "The Night Wind." Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Van Tuyl, G. H. Essentials of Business Arithmetic. American Book Co. 70 cents.
Watson, Margery. The Responsibility of Ruffles. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
West, Andrew F. The Graduate College of Princeton. Princeton University Press. 50 cents net.
West, Julius. Atlantis and Other Poems. London: David Nutt.
Westrup, Margaret. Tide Marks. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Wheelock, J. H. Love and Liberation. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
Wolfe, Elsie de. The House in Good Taste. Century Co. $2.50 net.
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